THE ENGLISH REVIEW

28th Year of Publication

APRIL 1936

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By Douglas Jerrold

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The Public and the Press

THE interesting point that arises is this. What will the public say when they wake up and find that the real debates of their elected representatives are taking place in secret? The wheel of publicity has already come full circle in regard to the reporting of many law suits—notably divorce, blackmail and espionage. Again, the proposed restriction in the powers of Coroners, whose constitutional function is to ensure that no citizen shall be done to death, is prompted quite as much by the manifest unfairness of the publicity given to the innocent actions of numbers of innocent "suspects" as by the deficiencies of the Coroners themselves. In all these cases, publicity, long pleaded for as a safeguard against the abuse of power, has been dispensed with, or curtailed, in the interests, real or alleged, of the public themselves. Nevertheless, we confess to a doubt as to the public advantages of these restrictions, whether informal or statutory, on the rights of the press. The absence of publicity has unquestionably increased the number of actions for divorce, and may in time be found to lead to an increase also in those undesirable practices out of which most blackmailing actions arise. Great, moreover, though the objections are to the kind of preliminary trial by amateurs and newspaper reporters which has led to the proposal to restrict Coroners' activities, we must not forget that in any state of public disorder, or revolutionary activity, the Coroner's right to commit for trial might be an invaluable safeguard of the public's rights against Communist or Fascist tyranny. The case for unrestricted reporting of all Parliament proceedings is not dissimilar. Publicity may be embarrassing; but its absence may be disastrous.

Have the Public no Rights?

GOVERNMENT policy may be, and recently has been, profoundly influenced by the secret discussions of the informal committees to which we referred.

The final result is presented to the House of Commons and accepted without demur. Have the public no right to know what action their representatives took, and on what grounds it was based? And if it be said that their representatives would have been tongue-tied if their discussions had been public, is not this a criticism rather of the personnel than of the procedure of the House of Commons? The truth is, of course, that other considerations have contributed to the new state of affairs besides this question of publicity. When there is a large preponderance of one party in the House and a large number of Ex-Cabinet Ministers out of office, the effect of both things combined is to deprive most of the rank and file of the party in office of any opportunity of expressing their views in full debate. Some procedure has been found necessary in practice for keeping the Government in touch with the views of back-benchers. All students of politics must welcome the result in so far as it is making effective day to day control of the executive by the legislature once more a reality. But if this control can only be effectively exercised in secret, is the gain greater than the loss?

Secrecy and Foreign Policy

THE position is further complicated by the shift of the balance of interest from home to foreign affairs. Apart altogether from the disinclination to criticise the Government in public, there is a genuine difficulty in discussing the actions or real intentions of foreign or Dominion governments in public. This difficulty has notoriously reduced the public proceedings of the League of Nations to an undignified farce, and necessitates such an amount of preliminary lobbying and secret bargaining as to destroy public confidence in the whole structure of the peace organisation. Yet, if there is a necessary disparity between what is known in private and what is said in public, some method must be found, if English prestige is to be restored in the eyes of the world, of

freeing the Government from the present situation when public opinion, nourished on the publicly spoken word, makes it impossible for the Government to base their policy on the known facts. In all the circumstances, we suggest that the balance of advantage lies overwhelmingly, even in the case of foreign affairs, with the fullest publicity. The uncertainty of the trend of English public opinion, which results from the haphazard manner in which the public becomes informed of the real issues on foreign policy, is one of the main inspirations of unrest abroad. English public opinion has been grossly misled in the last few months over the causes and inevitable consequences of the Abyssinian dispute, with the result that much life has unnecessarily been lost. The ultimate consequence may even be that the Italians will be the only European nations respected in Abyssinia. The public are equally misled as to the present crisis, which has been provoked at least in part by the suggestion that Czechoslovakia is ready to place its aerodromes at the disposal of Russia. Let us imagine for a moment that the Free State Government was independent in name as well as in fact, and made an agreement with the German Government to place its aerodromes and landing organisation at the disposal of the German Air Force, and that simultaneously the German Government made a military alliance with Russia. Should we regard that action as in perfect harmony with the Locarno spirit ? The other trouble is that Locarno, like the League, is based on the Versailles Treaty, parts of which everyone has repudiated. And as regards unilateral denunciations, we have ourselves signed the Anglo-German Naval Treaty and broken our agreement regarding the American debt.

The Future of the League

THE recent proceedings of the League of Nations have not enhanced its prestige. Its manifest dependence on the Locarno powers reduces its claim to be the

free voice of the nations to an absurdity. Its continued insistence on the letter and not on the spirit reduces its claim to be a moral agent to a farce. But its inaction in regard to Abyssinia, and its condonation of Italian "aggression" the moment it requires the assistance of Italy is nothing less than monstrous. We have never accepted the prevailing view that Italy had no case. We have said precisely that, even if she was not judged unjustly, she was judged far too hastily and without even the semblance of impartial inquiry. But we have never said, or suggested, that in so judging the League acted with conscious dishonesty. We have always accepted as sincere, though never as valid, the League's contention that in pressing their case against Italy they were trying to make amends for their failure to act in the case of Japan. Now we are to be asked quietly but quickly to forget all about Italy's breach of the Covenant. The world will do nothing of the kind. We are going to look on at the very sorry ending of a very sorry episode in European history. Perhaps in the years to come we shall look back on it with gratitude, for recent events may teach us that a league of nations professing no coherent morality is not merely a vain but a dishonouring sham. When that lesson is learnt, the foundations of peace will have been laid. But not before.

Earl Beatty

THE death of Earl Beatty removes the last but one of the great leaders of the Allies in the Western theatre. Beatty never ranked with Joffre, Foch, Jellicoe or Haig in the popular regard. His flamboyant personality never "came across" the footlights, while his refusal to allow the publication of the "Harper report" of the Jutland engagement, prepared in Lord Wemyss's tenure of the office of First Sea Lord, was not regarded with favour even in the Service of which he was so distinguished an ornament. It is indeed strange to observe how peace dealt with the great figures of the world war.

Jellicoe, always popular in the Navy, remained so. Haig, never in the least popular in the years of war, became widely known and loved for his single-minded devotion after the war to the cause of the ex-service men. Sir Ian Hamilton, most sympathetic but most unfortunate of Commanders of the field, is today, for the general public, the most respected figure in the British Army, as Joffre was in the closing years of his life. Foch remained, to the public, on the pedestal to which fame, fortune and virtue elevated him, but among professional soldiers his fame declined markedly long before his death. Lord Beatty's services are in great danger of being too soon forgotten by the public. He was, though in no sense a master of tactics, possessed of the right strategic insight. He stood for the Nelson tradition. If he lacked Nelson's supreme tactical genius, it was not his fault. In a sense he was as unlucky a Commander as Sir Ian Hamilton. You cannot make history without luck.

Last Thoughts on Gallipoli

SIR IAN HAMILTON'S name recalls to me a notable book published last month—Mr. John North's story of the Gallipoli campaign, entitled (I hope wrongly), *The Fading Vision*. Critical, as is his duty, of the conduct of this memorable and always romantic campaign, he pays Sir Ian Hamilton's personal record of the campaign a notable tribute. "Gallipoli Diary," he writes, "touches the heights of the human spirit and is aflame with a dazzling clearness of vision and apprehension." He goes on to say that "it is conceivable that a Commander less sensitive to the common imperfections of humanity, and actuated only by a brutal determination to beat down opposition to his demands might ultimately have succeeded where a compassionate and exalted heart was to fail." This is to rate the drama of history too low. Inflexible will and an almost mystical self-confidence *combined with* vivid imagination and technical

proficiency are necessary. Foch and Jellicoe came nearest to this ideal, and it is no coincidence that it was under their command that the issue of the war on land and sea was decided. Nevertheless, no word of mine must be allowed to suggest that the Commander-in-Chief at Gallipoli suffered from irresolution or weakness. It merely chanced that the subordinate Commanders allotted to him made on critical occasions mistakes of fatal import. Those more learned than I may be able to recall two other mistakes in some other equally brief campaign by subordinate Commanders, acting within their proper sphere of responsibility, as fatal to the world's future prosperity as were the evacuation of "Y" Beach and the delay on Suvla Beach. I cannot. Only if, in some God-given tempest of divine rage, the Generals responsible had been relieved of their command within twenty-four hours of the beginning of these operations, would either mistake have been retrieved. I still ask, and shall go on asking, what General in history would have so greatly dared? Remains one of the greatest of history's "ifs." If Byng or Maude had been sent to Suvla instead of Stopford (and who dares say that Sir Ian Hamilton was no judge of men, for these were the two for whom he begged) when would the war have ended? And when would the peace have begun? Surely at least in 1936. As it is, the answer, as they say at Westminster, is in the negative.

Victorian Veterans

ANOTHER book to which I must refer is by another noble veteran of this campaign—Henry Nevinson. His *Running Accompaniment* is a book to be read by all. Few men have written more good books than H. W. Nevinson. His *Changes and Chances*, which should be read in full in the three volume edition—is the greatest autobiography of our time. His new book is a volume of reflections on life, and would have been read with pleasure and sympathy by that equally ardent and

generous spirit, R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, so lately dead. The post-war youth pride themselves on their adventurous independence of convention, but the spectacle of Old Etonians travelling without hot-water-bottles and writing well-remunerated articles for *Time*, on their adventures, strikes me as second-rate compared with the ardours and endurances of the late Victorians. For Nevinson and Cunninghame-Graham do not stand alone. There is a long record from the men of that generation of the disinterested pursuit of ideals regardless of cost and with the certainty of no profit at all. Frontier wars, anti-slaving campaign, the battle for social justice, the search for knowledge, the conquest of nature—none of these things undertaken in the glare of publicity, with publishers' contracts as an indispensable preliminary, strike a genuine note. They are like Mr. James Laver's *Nymph-Errantry* compared with the love story of Abelard and Heloise. Between the two lies the gulf which separates a sophisticated and lucrative enterprise from an adventure of the spirit.

To return to Mr. John North's *Fading Vision*. Is he just in his guarded prophecy, when he writes that "no man can say in which direction the British Empire moves at this hour; but it is not improbable that the judgment of future time will determine its historical watershed on the slopes of Sari Bair." Did some essential virtue go out of us when we made that fatally convenient gesture of surrender in January 1916? I find it difficult to think otherwise. Thenceforward the doctrine that there was safety in numbers, that isolated adventures were an uneconomic risk, began to rule. Today it is ending in a corresponding paralysis. "If we are to go down," said the author of *The Lost Dominion*, "Let us at least go down fighting." Today, our view is precisely the opposite. If it can be shown conclusively that we have no national will, that we are determined on nothing, that we can take no risks and entertain no commitments (except in association with everyone

else), have we not done all that is possible? We can say one thing today, and, if it prove unpopular, another tomorrow. But we must never stand alone; never stick to an opinion if we find powerful forces opposed to it. This is called statesmanship, just as the evacuation of Gallipoli Peninsula is called a military triumph. There is not an officer or man who took part in that operation who does not know that it was nothing of the kind. The evacuation was a simple operation. The escape from its consequences has been, so far, beyond the wit of politicians. That, and nothing else, is the reason why the world today turns in despair to rearmament.

A Talk with Veniselos

By Wilfrid Hindle

M. VENISELOS cocked his black skull cap to one side with a worried air.

" What," he asked, " is the alternative ? "

I had inquired of him what future there could be for the international order of which the League is part. His answer was this counter question. To this counter-question his own reply was a single word—" Anarchy."

" But," I said to him " you know that you yourself solved, single-handed, problems which the League had failed to solve and that you solved them, as it were, in spite of the League."

He corrected me at once. It was not " in spite of the League " that he had established friendly relations between Greece and Turkey after centuries of enmity. Turkey was not a member of the League ; that was why the Greco-Turkish negotiations were direct.

" But," I continued, " Italy has been a member of the League since the League's foundation. The League failed to settle the Corfu incident. Yet you contrived to establish Greco-Italian relations on a friendly foundation after the bitter memories that incident left. In this matter you acted, may we say, at least *outside* the League ? "

Again M. Veniselos corrected me.

" The League," he said, " approved my negotiations with the Italian Government as well as my negotiations with the Turkish Government. Both were in the spirit and within the letter of the League Covenant."

Nevertheless, it was M. Veniselos who acted and the League which approved. " Could there," I asked, " be any future for an institution whose activity was confined to approval of accomplished facts ? "

M. Veniselos was sure there was. The League Covenant to him is more than a symbol ; it is a great moral force.

I wondered if moral considerations were of much importance in the post-war world, and, "in any case," I questioned again, "could there be much moral force behind an institution two of whose strongest members had left within a year?"

M. Veniselos made the only impatient gesture in an hour's talk.

"Of course moral considerations are important and moral force is real. Look at the last war, at any war. The one thing all the combatants try to prove is that they are in the right, that it was they who were attacked. The League Covenant provides the touchstone by which they can be judged. The League is weak now but it will grow stronger. One day the United States will enter the League. Then the League will be the strongest moral force there has yet been."

"You do not think, then," I asked, "that in place of the League there might grow up, has, indeed, already grown up, a series of regional pacts or understandings which would make the League of Nations unnecessary? The Balkan Pact, for example."

"There is room for these regional understandings," was M. Veniselos's reply. "But all of them fall within the League system. They are all a part of the international order."

"But take the Balkan Pact itself," I said. "Is there not possibly some analogy between the Balkan Pact of 1934 and the Balkan League of 1912? The Balkan League was a preliminary to war. May not the Pacts of today be preliminaries to war, and by so much a contradiction of, rather than a support for, international order?"

M. Veniselos disagreed.

"The Balkan League was directed against another Power. The Balkan Pact is a Pact for mutual aid. I myself should have liked to see a Pact of non-aggression rather than a Pact in which military aid was promised. Even so, the Balkan Pact is certainly a step towards peace."

M. Veniselos is a believer. There was faith in his voice as well as in his words when he spoke of this international order. There was faith in his voice when he spoke of democracy too.

"Was it not democracy," I had asked him, "which on at least one occasion ruined your own work? Is it not the case that you were on the eve of a settlement of the war in Asia Minor when a fickle people, expressing itself in the elections of November 1920, brought back King Constantine, and with him the Greek retreat and all its disastrous consequences?"

M. Veniselos was unconvinced.

"In 1920," he replied, "Greece had been at war almost continuously since 1912. In spite of that, in spite of its exhaustion, the Greek people gave me a majority in those elections. As M. Papanastassiou has shown, it was the electoral system and not the popular will which drove me from office. Mr. Lloyd George once asked me a similar question. In return I asked him what would have happened if, instead of holding elections in 1918, he had waited two years and kept the Army mobilised all that time. Democracy is ill, very ill. But this illness will pass. Democracy has grave faults. But when I am asked whether democracy is the best possible system of government, I always make the same reply: 'It is the least bad system the human mind has invented.'"

I asked M. Veniselos next about a question which closely concerns this country—Greek nationalism in Cyprus.

He reminded me of the answer he made to an interpellation in the Greek Chamber about the disorders in Athens which accompanied riots in Cyprus two years ago. Those disorders he repressed with severity. To his interpellator he replied that the question of Cyprus could only be solved by peaceful negotiation and by the maintenance of exemplary correctness towards the British Government.

The War, in his view, showed how useless Cyprus was to the British Empire. Some day, he believed, the British Government will renew the offer to hand Cyprus over to Greece which it made during the War. In the meantime he would have been content to leave the question dormant, just as he would be content to wait for a peaceful solution of Greek differences with Italy over the Dodecanese. In youth a rebel against the Turkish power in his native Crete, M. Veniselos came in old age to a firm faith in the methods of peaceful diplomacy.

Old age, however, was a description which could be applied to M. Veniselos only by a mathematical purist. He had just entered his seventy-first year when I saw him last, but his eye had its twinkle still, and he proved, as ever, alive to the world around him.

I asked him for his impressions of England, particularly his impressions of the manner in which England had come out of the economic crisis.

He was enthusiastic. There was greater prosperity in evidence, he said, than when he was here a year ago, and he has noted—for he was as attentive to the movement of facts as to the movement of ideas—that the number of people employed in British industry is steadily increasing. Two million unemployed is a large number, but there could not, he thought, be much wrong intrinsically with a country which was able to absorb more workers in spite of a reduction of one third in the volume of that world trade on which it used to depend.

World trade itself was the only subject on which M. Veniselos was anything but cheerful. The fashionable creed of autarchy, and the economic future of the world, appeared to inspire him with a gloom as deep as his faith in the world's political future.

I suggested that here the small countries might perhaps provide a lesson for the big. As he himself had said, Greece and Turkey were once as bitter enemies as France and Germany, and perhaps with more cause;

Greece and Turkey are now at peace. But he found the word " lesson " too presumptuous ; he would rather say " a good example." And he was doubtful how far the little countries could influence the big in economic affairs. He was doubtful, too, of a suggestion that decline of population in the big countries might one day call the little countries to the place in the world which the big countries now hold.

Like other statesmen, he had observed the trend. But his observation, like the beliefs which have grown out of it, was precise and accurate.

" Decline," he said, " has not yet set in. What has happened is that the rate of increase of European peoples has begun to decline. Perhaps, (and he would not go beyond this perhaps) the time may come when European populations will be on the decline.

" But perhaps also "—he added, his natural optimism coming to the fore again—" when that time comes, a revival of world trade will bring about a revival of the European birth-rate."

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My Debt to Dickens

By Pearl S. Buck

I HAVE long looked for a suitable opportunity to pay a certain debt which I have owed since I was seven years old. Debts are usually burdens, but this is no ordinary debt, and it is no burden. My debt is to an Englishman, who long ago in China rendered an inestimable service to a small American child. That child was myself and that Englishman was Charles Dickens.

First, you must picture to yourself that child, living quite solitary in a remote Chinese countryside, in a small mission bungalow perched upon a hill among the rice fields in the valleys below. In the near distance wound that deep treacherous golden river, the Yangtse, and some of the most terrifying and sinister, as well as the most delightful and exciting moments of that child's life were spent beside the river. She loved to crawl along its banks, upon the rocks, or upon the muddy flats and watch for the lifting of the huge four-square nets that hung into the moving yellow flood, and see out of that flood come perhaps again and again an empty net, but sometimes great flashing, twisting silver bodies of fish. She lingered beside villages of boat folk, and saw them live, the babies tied to a rope and splashing in the shallower waters. But she saw babies dead thrown into the deep waters. She wandered small and alien among the farm folk in the earthern houses among the fields. She accepted a bowl of rice and cabbage often at meal time and sat among the peasants on the threshing floor about the door and ate, usually in silence, listening and listening, answering their kindly careless questions, bearing with shy painful smiles their kind teasing laughter at her yellow curls and unfortunate blue eyes, which they thought so ugly. She was, she knew, very alien. Upon the streets of the great city where sometimes she went she learned to accept the cry of foreign devil, and to realise she was a foreign devil. Once when she was very very small, before she knew better, she turned as worms will, and flung back a

word she had learned among the boat folk when they quarrelled. It was a word so wicked that the youth who called her foreign devil ran howling with terror, and thereafter she went more contentedly, not using the word any more because of its great wickedness, but knowing she had it to use if she needed it very much.

She grew from a very tiny child into a bigger child, still knowing she was alien. However kindly the people about her might be, and they were much more often kind than not, she knew that she was foreign to them. And she wondered very much about her own folk and where they were and how they looked and at what they played. But she did not know. In the bungalow were her parents, very busy, very very busy, and when she had learned her lessons in the morning quickly, they were too busy to pay much heed to her and so she wandered about a great deal, seeing and learning all sorts of things. She had fun. But very often she used to wonder, "Where are the other chidren like me? What is it like in the country where they live?" She longed very much, I can remember, to have some of them to play with. But she never had them.

To this small isolated creature there came one day an extraordinary accident. She was an impossibly voracious reader. She would like to have had children's books, but there were none, and so she read everything—Plutarch's *Lives* and Fox's *Martyrs*, the Bible, church history and the hot spots in Jonathan Edwards' sermons, and conversations out of Shakespeare, and bits of Tennyson and Browning which she could not understand at all. Then one day she looked doubtfully at a long row of sombre blue books on a very high shelf. They were quite beyond her reach. Later she discovered this was because they were novels. But, being desperate, she put a three-cornered bamboo stool on top of a small table and climbed up and stared at the bindings and in faded black titles she read *Oliver Twist*, by Charles Dickens. She was then a little past seven years old. It was a very hot

August day, in the afternoon about three o'clock, when the household was asleep, all except the indefatigable parents, and they were very very busy. She took *Oliver Twist* out of its place—it was fat and thick, for *Hard Times* was bound with it—and at great peril descended, and, stopping in the pantry for a pocket full of peanuts, she made off to a secret corner of the veranda into which only a small agile child could squeeze, and opened the closely printed pages of an old edition, and discovered her playmates.

How can I make known what that discovery was to that small lonely child? There in that corner above the country road in China, with vendors passing beneath me, I entered into my own heritage. I was roused at six o'clock by the call to my supper, and I looked about dazed, to discover the long rays of the late afternoon sun streaming across the valleys. I remember twice I closed the book and burst into tears, unable to bear the tragedy of *Oliver Twist*, and then opened it quickly again, burning to know more. I remember, most significant of all, that I forgot to touch a peanut, and my pocket was still quite full when I was called. I went to my supper in a dream, and read as late as I dared in my bed afterward, and slept with the book under my pillow, and woke again in the early morning. When *Oliver Twist* was finished, and after it *Hard Times*, I was wretched with indecision. I felt I must read it all straight over again, and yet I was voracious for that long row of blue books. What was in them? I climbed up again, finally, and put *Oliver Twist* at the beginning, and began on the next one, which was *David Copperfield*. I resolved to read straight through the row and then begin at the beginning once more and read straight through again.

This programme I carried on consistently over and over, for about ten years, and after that I still kept a Dickens book on hand, so to speak, to dip into and feel myself at home again. Today I have for him a feeling which I have for no other human soul. He opened my

eyes to people, he taught me to love all sorts of people, high and low, rich and poor, the old and little children. He taught me to hate hypocrisy and pious mouthing of unctuous words. He taught me that beneath gruffness there may be kindness, and that kindness is the sweetest thing in the world, and goodness is the best thing in the world. He taught me to despise money grubbing. People today say he is obvious and sentimental and childish in his analysis of character. It may be so, and yet I have found people surprisingly like those he wrote about—the good a little less undiluted, perhaps, and the evil a little more mixed. And I do not regret that simplicity of his, for it had its own virtue. The virtue was of a great zest for life. If he saw everything black and white, it was because life rushed out of him strong and clear, full of love and hate. He gave me that zest, that immense joy in life and in people, and in their variety.

He gave me, too, my first real glimpse of a kindly English God, a sort of father, to whom the child-like and the humble might turn. There was no talk of hell in his books. He made Christmas for me, a merry roaring English Christmas, full of goodies and plum puddings and merriment and friendly cheer. I went to his parties over and over again, for I had no others. I remember one dreadful famine winter the thing that kept me laughing and still a child was *Pickwick Papers*. I read it over and over, and laughed, as I still laugh, over the Wellers and the widow and Mr. Pickwick and all his merry company. They were as real to me as the sad folk outside the compound walls, and they saved me.

And he made me love England. I have no drop of English blood in my veins. I have German and Dutch and French ancestors, I was born in the United States of American parents, and I have spent my life in China. But part of me is English, for I love England with a peculiar possessing love. I do possess something of England. When I went there years later, London was

my city and the countryside I knew. I was not strange. The people were my own people, too. England is the mother of a certain part of my spirit. I can never take sides against England or the English. It is not only that we speak a common tongue and that we are the same race. There is far more than that. I know English people. I love English people. I have grown up among them. I am used to them. They have been my companions for many years. They are forever my friends. When several years ago in China there was a period of misunderstanding of certain British policies, I steadfastly refused to agree with the distrust expressed by some of my Chinese friends toward England. I was sure of the quality of the English people and of their integrity. What they said they would do, they would do. And they did. Their armies were peacefully withdrawn when the necessity of protection was over, they did not proceed to the conquest the Chinese thought was inevitable, and more than any western power they have steadily shown their honesty of purpose toward the Chinese. After it was over, my Chinese friends said wondering, " You were right." And I replied, " I knew I was."

This, if one may compress years of meaning into a few pages, is what Charles Dickens did for me. I do not, it is true, read his books as much today as I once did. I do not need to do so. His influence I cannot lose. He has made himself a part of me forever.

Representative Men

IV.—Herr von Ribbentrop

FREIHERR JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP has good looks, a frank smile, charming manners, and fluent English and French. And that, I thought after my first meeting with him, is all. For the frank smile seemed a prelude only to obscurity in thought and the fluent English was used only to express such generalities as are agreed by all men of all nations.

First impressions were wrong ; and at second meeting I saw in Herr von Ribbentrop something more of a diplomatist than he is generally supposed to be. That meeting was long before the events which have recently made Ribbentrop's name a household word. But there were discernible in him then the clarity of purpose and suppleness in expression of purpose that are characteristic of Herr Hitler himself. Perhaps they were acquired from Herr Hitler himself ; it makes little difference to their reality if they were. Acquired or not, Herr von Ribbentrop has qualities which will make him of consequence if and when the present muddling of European diplomatists has ended.

There is little in his near or distant background to suggest the eminence in Nazi counsels he has recently attained. He was born, some forty-four years ago, at Wesel, in the Rhineland. His family had been soldiers for generations. One of his ancestors served on Blücher's staff at Waterloo, and after Waterloo went to Paris to recover the artistic treasures collected by Napoleon on his campaigns. As a boy, Joachim Ribbentrop was sent to school in England, where he learnt an English that is purer in grammar and accent than that of most Englishmen. At eighteen he went with his family to Canada, and there found work on the construction of the St. Lawrence bridge at Quebec. He was in Canada when the war broke out, smuggled back to Germany in a Dutch ship, and hid for two days in the coal bunkers when she put into a British port. During the war he

served first as a Hussar officer on the Russian front, then in the War Ministry in Berlin ; then on the staff in Constantinople. After the war he went into business as a wine merchant, and incidentally married the daughter of Henkel, the German " champagne king."

His business took him often to France and England, where he perfected his knowledge of the languages of the two countries, and enabled him to make the many unofficial contacts he has today. It also made him a figure in Berlin society. Because of that he was able to be especially helpful to Herr Hitler when the Nazi movement was still considered hardly respectable. It would be too much to say that he " took up " Herr Hitler because Herr Hitler is not the sort of man who is easily " taken up." But it is undoubtedly true that he brought Herr Hitler into close contact with the then ruling classes in Germany. Rumour has it that Herr Hitler and von Papen met often, in the days before Herr Hitler came to power, in the model of a Saxon farmhouse that is Herr von Ribbentrop's country residence.

Since Herr Hitler came to power, Herr von Ribbentrop has been in favour. The favour has increased as Herr Alfred Rosenberg's star has declined. It became official in 1934, when Herr von Ribbentrop was appointed Germany's Disarmament Commissioner. As Disarmament Commissioner and later as Ambassador-at-large—a title and an office borrowed from the American and dating back to the heyday of Colonel House—Herr von Ribbentrop has played an important part in German foreign policy during the past two years. It was never a part behind the scenes, but it has sometimes been a part in the wings. When Herr von Ribbentrop came to London in the autumn of 1934, he came ostensibly—solely, as he assured me—on private business ; and, in fact, he spent much of his time with private friends. But that did not prevent him from visiting the Foreign Office, nor deter him from meeting an active French

politician and ex-Minister whom I was anxious to introduce to him.

After and before his visit to London, he made many other visits to other European capitals—Paris, Warsaw, Brussels, Sofia, Belgrade. Ostensibly these visits also were generally on business, or perhaps for a hunting party; and they were rarely given much attention in the German Press, where Herr von Ribbentrop's name is less familiar than it is in the Press of other countries. But they coincided curiously with each fresh turn in German diplomacy.

Much nonsense has been talked and written about "amateur diplomacy" in the last few years. There is, doubtless, a case to be made against smoke-screens, though no one denies their use in the case for war. But in judging the activities of post-war amateur diplomatists, it is well always, first, to make some allowance for the natural, (and on trade union principles amply justified), resentment of professional diplomatists at any poaching on their preserves, secondly, to judge not by a method which may be faulty but by a result which may be good. There is in this connexion a proverb of respectable age about the wood and the trees.

Herr von Ribbentrop's diplomacy has in the past been faulty in method; in results in the present it may be good. It has at least this advantage, that the diplomacy of a professional diplomatist trained in a very different school could not have, that it is likely exactly to express Herr Hitler's mind.

What that mind is I should not venture to define on my own limited acquaintance with the two men. I think, however, that I shall be describing it fairly if I say that Herr von Ribbentrop is a man who would put first—as most men of any nation would do—the interest of his own country; next, peace in Western Europe.

BRITANNICUS VIATOR.

Moonshine: A True Story

By Frank Baker

A FRAIL old gentleman sat at the window of a house in Kensington. His chair was a high one, and from it he could easily study the people who passed by the window. With the distant progress of each footstep he alertly listened; his face expressing perhaps satisfaction, perhaps uncertainty, perhaps displeasure. His ears told him all that he could know of the passers-by, for he had been blind many years. But he felt much, kept apace with the times, was a lover of humanity.

He sat there now like a spare oracle, benign, dignified; his finger-tips pressed together, his head nodding in unison with his thoughts. An empty cup stood on the table beside him. It was the hour of the day he most liked, when tea was over and for a brief space he was alone to spin thoughts and build castles. From boyhood he had built them; some had crashed from a leaden sky, and some had endured. Still he built them; successful a man as he was, he still found time for idle speculation. And after tea was the time he chose for that; in that idle half-hour before his secretary came with the evening mail and the magazines.

He sat and mused, wondering who it was that strode so surely, that shuffled so uneasily. It was a warm autumn day; he could feel the sun on his temples and knew that in the square outside the trees would be showing copper and bronze, yellow and gold against a deep misty sky.

There was a knock on the door and his secretary came in. She was a young girl new to her work, anxious to please her gentle master, but as yet uncertain of his unspoken habits.

"Your mail, Mr. Fellowes." She held the opened letters tentatively in her hand.

"Yes, yes. Anything of importance?" The old man twiddled somewhat impatiently.

"There's a note from the Worshipful Company of Tongue-twisters asking you to dinner on the 18th. A letter from the secretary of the Libraries Committee——"

"Yes, dear Miss Hazeldine, if they are all like that I can deal with them in the morning. Isn't there anything unusual. No personal letters?"

"There *is* something rather out of the ordinary."

"What is that then? What is that?"

"A copy of a monthly review called *Aesop*. A note from the editor is enclosed with it."

"Oh, I daresay that is nothing but advertisement. What does the note say?"

The girl read.

"'Dear Sir: I am requested by our contributor, Mr. Philip Hayes, to send you the enclosed copy of *Aesop*. He thinks that you will be interested to read a story by him on page 28.' That's all," added the girl.

Mr. Fellowes stirred a little.

"Philip Hayes? Yes, I seem to remember the name. I think I have corresponded with the gentleman. It was before you were with me, Miss Hazeldine; you would not remember."

He was silent for a moment, working his brows in thought. The girl turned over the pages of the magazine. Presently Mr. Fellowes spoke again.

"Can you spare half an hour, Miss Hazeldine? I feel I would like to hear the story if you have time to read it. We have half an hour before Mrs. Fellowes returns." He smiled with immediate candour. Then added, "I shall be only too glad for you to leave earlier to-morrow evening."

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Fellowes. Certainly I will read." She spoke eagerly, and hurriedly made herself comfortable in a chair.

Then I am all ready. You may start."

The girl cleared her throat a little nervously, folded the book back and began to read in a clear, cool voice the following story.

* * *

Crosby rose, yawned, stretched himself and kicked the impassive fire with a petulant foot. The clock struck four with the veiled insinuation that no matter what became of man, time would go on. Time would go on. Crosby was horribly aware of that, yet he could no more rise from his deep chair than he could fly to the moon.

It was a May afternoon, grey and hopeless, with a heavy mist that had encompassed the country for days past. From his window Crosby could see nothing but this driving enemy of moisture. His dreary train of thought was consistently punctuated by the conflicting warnings of two lighthouses: one to the west, hanging an echo in the air like a deep gun; another to the east, howling like a donkey suffering from acute nostalgia. Sometimes there were other sounds. An uneasy cow, a ship at sea, a derisive goose, faint winds about the house. All of them heavy sounds to hear on a spring afternoon when the cuckoo is about the land, calling for a sun that never shines. There was a thrush, too, that Crosby could not bear, for it piped unceasingly of the folly of labour and the wisdom of accepting the calm flow of life like lying under a placid waterfall. Time will go on, sang the bird, but it matters not; I have forgotten yesterday and I do not know to-morrow.

Crosby could not forget yesterday and knew to-morrow only too well. Time was going on, and he lay inert in his deep chair, as despondent as the day, revolving round and round in his mind, always coming back to the same thought;—I am twenty-five and I have done nothing worth doing; what am I going to do? How earn the money and beget the energy to go on doing it?

His eyes turned to a table by his side. On it lay a pile of virgin writing paper, a dictionary, a pencil, and a typewriter. A notebook lay on the floor; it was full of random jottings and stray phrases. Crosby had bought it a fortnight ago, enthusiastic then for a novel he wished to write. He had planned it carefully, outlined it, titled it, even divided it into chapters. Since then he had done

nothing. For a week he had stirred only to urge himself to eat food he did not enjoy. Then back to his chair while time went on, the mist hovered like a malicious spirit outside, and the thrush sand to remind him that man is damnably mortal and has too short a time to live. Years later, thought Crosby, my place will nowhere be found. Of a self-pitying disposition, as the turgid days drifted away into sleepless nights he began to derive a subtle pleasure from the contemplation of his ultimate dissolution.

He looked at the notebook with an unquiet eye. He did not want to write any more. Of what good was a task that demanded more than he seemed able to give? All these books round the walls—writers, he supposed, had striven over them as he was striving. And who wanted them now? Singling out the authors in his library he could only discover Moore and Lawrence as meaning anything to him. And even these two, he said, what would it matter if they had never been? He said it would not have mattered, not a bit, but forgot that it would greatly have mattered if, being what they were, they had been and had not done.

He waited like Micawber for something to turn up. And nothing ever did. The older he grew, the less turned up. The raptures, those careless exploitations of the spirit which had been his in early youth, never came to him now. Life was a corner of a cage. The fire was dead—not just dull as in the past, waiting for the bellows of sudden inspiration—but dead. And ashes are terrible to face when you are twenty-five and it is spring. But the soul of spring only lingers in the impudent notes of an errant thrush.

Time goes on, time goes on, sang the insistent bird, and falling again into sleep, sleep at once the nemesis and the deceitful courtesan of his life, Crosby heard at the back of his mind a knock on the door of the cottage.

He did not rise immediately. Knocks on the door no longer meant anything more than a suggestion about the coal bill, or what about joining our Christmas club or any bootlaces to-day, mister. But the Micawber instinct

still lay within him, tincturing the commonplace with an exciting edge of adventure.

He rose, trying to quell his imagination, preparing to say, not to-day thank you; and, being a casuist, the other half of him already considering whether it were possible to send the man away with a penny.

Thinking all this, roughly he opened the door and said, "Yes?" Then he drew back in surprise. He was confronted by an old gentleman, strange to him, dressed in the careless, somewhat ascetic comfort which is the mark of quiet prosperity. He was bearded, a little steel-grey beard, neatly trimmed, with blacker eyebrows showering over strangely empty though penetrating eyes. The complexion was remarkably pure and unlined. He was dressed in a light overcoat, a plain black scarf, a high collar which raised his chin to the point of faint superciliousness, black spats, and a suit of heavy, dingy grey material such as is seen singly reposing in the windows of obscure tailors' shops in the neighbourhood of the Bank of England—establishments that exist upon the patronage of a singularly unprogressive aristocrat. He carried a thick black stick with which he nervously traced an alphabet in the path. He did not seem to like to speak, but when he did it was in a very gentle voice, slowly, with a love of the sound of letters spun into words rather than of the words themselves.

"Oh," and this was an expression of surprise, because although he could barely discern the figure before him he was conscious that Crosby was no ordinary native of the place. "Oh—I am exceedingly sorry to trouble you, but I fear I have rather lost my path. My sight is very poor. Indeed it is as well to say I am blind."

Crosby was immediately stirred by those eyes that saw him and yet never saw him; was aware of the power of a mind which, dispensing with sight, saw all the more. Against his will, he began to construct a castle about the stranger, the delicate intellect before him:—

"It's bad weather to lose one's way in. Come in and warm yourself a moment. I'm just going to have some tea, if you'd care to join me."

He took the man's arm and led him into the room of his sloth, a room blue with tobacco smoke.

"You are very kind, most kind." The old man sat away from the fire.

"Might I ask your name? My name is Moon. I am staying at the Hotel on the Cape for a few days."

"I'm called Crosby. Are you familiar with Cornwall?"

"Oh, no, no. It is all quite new to me. Quite new. A short holiday. I have the misfortune to direct a publishing company and these little excursions are rare. Perhaps you have heard of the Phalanx Publishing Company?"

Crosby had not, but, seeing the old man in a dream before him, as a possible pointer to a future he murmured that he knew of the firm.

"Yes," continued Mr. Moon. "We publish mainly educational work. It demands most of my time. And you, my dear Sir, what do you do? What is your work?"

Crosby coughed modestly. "I— try to write, you know. But I'm afraid it doesn't often come off."

"How interesting. You mean that you find it hard to sell your work? Unfortunately writers are two a penny in these days. I know many, but none of them could be called men of distinction. But what do you write? Verse? Stories?"

"As a matter of fact, I am just trying to get on with a novel. You come upon me in a bad state. I've been trying for days. Somehow, you know, I just can't get a word down."

"Ah"—an expression of sympathetic understanding, as though he had been through it all himself, although, of course, he had not. "Yes. You have what a friend of mine describes as the psychic sinkings."

Crosby laughed. "Yes, I have them badly. I'm glad you came," he added ingenuously. And for the moment he really was glad. The fellow possessed a rare, if superficial, charm.

Mr. Moon continued his catechism and Crosby found it nowhere near so tedious as he might have done from any other stranger.

" But tell me, you live here alone. Or perhaps you are married ? "

" Oh no. I live here alone."

" Do you manage your own housework, or have you a housekeeper ? "

" I manage for myself."

" Then I hope you do not entirely live upon tinned foods ! "

" Not by any means," laughed Crosby. " I am able to cook."

" Lucky young man ! I fear I cannot even grill a chop."

Mr. Moon crossed his slight legs very carefully, and peered industriously round the room.

" It is all more or less a blur to me," he said. " But it seems that you have a pleasant room. It has an ethos *which I feel very strongly. Those are books, are they not ? "*

" Yes. A very random collection."

" And what is that white object I can make out ? "

" Oh that. It's a bust of Mozart."

" How interesting ! So you are also a musician ? "

" Yes. It—means a great deal to me."

" Ah. How fortunate you are. I mean, I gather from your remark that you understand its intricacies. The man that hath no music in his soul, of course I follow. But for those like us, who only hear with our ears, the higher spiritual flights are denied. I had a brother who loved music and did well in early life in an amateur way. But those were the days when it was fashionable to like Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and so forth. I believe they were ephemeral stars. Who are your favourite composers ? "

Crosby shrugged. The inevitable question always irritated him.

" Mozart, Brahms ; perhaps Wagner."

" Have you ever been to Bayreuth ? "

" No. But I've heard part of the Ring at Covent Garden."

" I forgot. Of how many operas does the Ring consist? "

" Four. Siegfried ; Rhinegold ; Gotterdammerung. And——"

" Lohengrin ? " suggested Mr. Moon.

" No. Why, of course, the Twilight of the Gods," cried Crosby, being very uneasy in the German language.

" Oh—but, that is Gotterdammerung . . ."

There was the faintest trace of superciliousness in the old man's voice. Crosby detected it and immediately changed the subject.

" Excuse me. I'll make some tea."

" How very kind of you. But not for me if you please. I fear I am already getting into trouble as I promised my wife to be back for tea by four-thirty. I wonder whether you can put me on the right path ? "

" Surely." Crosby looked out of the window. " The mist is clearing away, I fancy. I'll walk there with you. I haven't been out all day."

" Then I am really doing you a service if I encourage you to take the air. And I should be glad of your company."

Crosby put on his shoes and they went out. In the road, a rough cart track, he stopped for a moment considering which direction they should take.

" There's a short cut through some fields," he suggested. " Shall we take it ? "

" By all means. Only you must be kind enough to aid me over the stiles."

They walked along the road a little way until they came to a stone stile leading into a field. Crosby ran up and led the old man carefully over. They went on through several fields towards the sea, now bursting out of the mist. All the time Mr. Moon kept up a gentle conversation, dealing with literature, the arts, the habit of living and of life. So that Crosby was content to walk very slowly by his side, half hearing the carefully balanced words that fell from his companion's lips. He was lulled, as by a pleasantly academic piece of music ; and in his dreams the castle grew, the unwilling castle that had grown out of him, so that he saw this old man as the beneficent patron of his art.

Dreaming thus he forgot their direction and took a wrong path. The only way out was over a wall about seven feet high, tufted with grass and lichen. Crosby led Mr. Moon to a part of the wall where he imagined it would be easier to climb.

"Look," he broke into some quotation from Shakespeare, "it was thoughtless of me to bring you this way. We've taken the wrong path. I was so interested in what you were saying——"

"Indeed? The theory of the Divine in art has always engaged my deepest attention. I think if we——"

"Forgive me. We have rather a high wall to get over. Will you be able to manage it?"

"What is that? A wall? Oh certainly. I believe in living dangerously. Just tell me what to do."

Living dangerously! Crosby chuckled in himself with sudden sardonic humour. Living dangerously, with a twenty guinea suit on one's back! He looked at the old man with a different eye. He was very frail in the field, small, surrounded by long grass and buttercups. Crosby got on top of the wall and held out his hand.

"Now take my hand. All right, I've got you. You're all right," he cried, because the old man had tottered feebly. Crosby pulled, and with an effort got him up on top of the wall. For a moment they stood there.

Mr. Moon shook a little.

"Really, this is very exciting for me. My wife would—not approve, I fear! Now in which direction is the sea? I imagine it is on my right."

"Yes. It is on your right." Crosby echoed his words, looking down the wall on the other side. The stones had given way and were dangerous to the tread. In the field a few yards away was an old mine shaft, many hundreds of feet deep, walled round by just such a wall as that on which they stood. Supposing in the midst of their interesting conversation they had mounted the shaft wall by mistake? Supposing . . .

"'And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the

sea,'" Mr. Moon murmured half to himself. "You admire Whitman?"

Crosby saw him in a haze standing there, a fine chain of pure gold round his thin wrist. His coat fluttered in the breeze. A pretty figure on a wall. A poet. A good liver. A philosopher and a man of business. A lonely man. The Phalanx Publishing Company. Probably childless. A seeker after youth, this man. Standing on the wall of the mine shaft——

"Jump," cried Crosby. "It's the best way to get down. The wall has come to pieces. I'll catch you. Jump!"

"I must just rely upon you," said Mr. Moon. "I gather it's not a very big leap?"

"Not very big," echoed Crosby. The old man jumped boldly and Crosby held him firmly. They scrambled a little over the stones, but in a moment Mr. Moon stood firmly upon his legs, panting somewhat with his exertion.

"Somehow," he said, "I thought it was a bigger leap. You cannot realize the intense thrill obtained from jumping into what seems a void."

Crosby shuddered. They passed the shaft. The old man's stick touched the wall.

"Another wall?" he asked. "Do we have to get over this?"

"There are no more walls," muttered Crosby. Presently they left the fields and came on the main road within a few yards of the gates of the hotel.

"I'll leave you here," said Crosby.

"I have enjoyed your company. Perhaps you will come to tea with us one day?"

"I should like to."

"Then let us fix a day. Not to-morrow. I believe my wife proposes a visit to the Mount. But Thursday will do very well. Will you come about three-thirty? That will give us time for a short walk before tea. Perhaps we had better avoid walls!" He laughed pleasantly. Crosby replied that he would be glad to come.

The old man fumbled in his breast pocket and produced a leather wallet.

"Perhaps you will accept——" he stopped, searching through the wallet. Crosby felt his heart beating in absurd excitement.

"——my visiting card," continued Mr. Moon. "Then if ever you are in town you will be able to call on me."

Crosby took the card savagely and bit the blasphemy on his tongue. Mr. Moon turned towards the drive, had advanced a few steps, when he turned back again.

"Oh, I wonder whether you would care for a copy of last week's 'Punch'? It may help to relieve your sinkings!"

Crosby had not the courage to reply that he had no desire to furnish a dentist's waiting room, a reply that was upon his lips. Instead he mumbled a thank-you and slowly walked across the fields to his house.

* * *

Miss Hazeldine stopped reading and coughed awkwardly. She glanced up nervously at Mr. Fellowes and saw that he sat with his right hand shading his eyes, apparently deeply interested in the story.

"Why," she ventured, "it might almost be you, Mr. Fellowes." Then she bit her words with vexation.

"Yes, yes. It might almost be me. Read on please, Miss Hazeldine. I am very interested."

Miss Hazeldine turned quickly to the book, settled herself more comfortably in her chair, and resumed the story.

* * *

After that, Crosby had a bad time. A restless and unreasonable excitement pervaded everything he did. In a way it was more unbearable than the listlessness he had endured before. He could not write, of course; but no longer could he sit contemplating his virgin sheets in divine melancholy. He spent the next day pottering round the house; picking up a knife with which to peel potatoes and forgetting about them because the lamp needed filling. Then he went out into the garden and dragged up some weeds,

leaving them on the path in order to fill a pipe which he never smoked. The hours, instead of saying time goes on, said time is of no account and this day will never end if you think it won't. And Crosby did think that, so that the day dragged on like a suburban train through riverside boroughs. Thursday came, and he woke conscious of a new vista, something not concerned with coal bills yet very much concerned with them. He tried so hard merely to consider Mr. Moon as a beneficent old gentleman given to idle conversation with strangers that he thought very much more about him than was really wise for his peace of mind. Crosby loved castles—that was the mistake of his life. He loved seeing his unfinished work reposing in a place of honour on the shelves of both the intelligentsia and the proletariat. He loved high situations; drama; the unexpected. And of course nothing ever happened because of this. The knock at the door always was a Christmas Club or how about the coal bill. It never had been anything else—never had been. But Mr. Moon——

——came smiling up to him in the delicately tempered lounge of the extremely expensive hotel on the Cape. A hotel akin to the clothes he wore.

"I am so glad you have come. Now you must meet my wife. Dear, this is Mr. Crosby."

A bulky woman, rattling with chains and eye-glasses, challenged him with a large freckled hand.

"I am glad my husband has found a companion. He is fond of conversation."

"We are just going to take a short stroll, my dear."

"Well, tea is at four, Humphry. And do take your coat. You so easily catch cold."

They went out, walking no further than along the lawns of the hotel. Up and down those smooth lawns sloping away to the sea. And all the time Mr. Moon talked like old wine, gentle, deep, with a flow of understanding and tempered wisdom, yet damnably platitudinous withal.

"And how are the sinkings?" he asked.

"I think I'm rising out of them at last."

"I am glad to hear it. Sinkings are bad in youth, although inevitable, I fear. You remember a line of Matthew Arnold——"

Crosby did not remember, but said he thought that the Scholar Gipsy was a very good poem, to which Mr. Moon replied that his quotation had not been taken from the Scholar Gipsy. This did not make Crosby any the easier. He talked about the camomile daisy which they trod under foot.

"That is the same as the drug?"

"I suppose it is. I believe children gather it here sometimes and get a little money for it at the chemist's."

"Indeed? How interesting. It must take a considerable number of these small flowers to produce a reasonable quantity of the drug?"

"I suppose so," echoed Crosby wearily. And then in order to continue the futile chain of conversation, added, "Rather like saffron."

"Which we shall eat for tea in our cake."

They walked up the lawn for about the fifteenth time. They talked about tennis because of the lawn, and then about billiards, and since in Mr. Moon's mind all roads led to the classics, he reminded Crosby how Marc Antony had said "Let's to billiards," in the play of Shakespeare. Crosby sighed very profoundly and said there was nobody like Shakespeare, nobody—or words to that effect. The time passed thus, with Mr. Moon flinging out obscure lines in both modern and classic tongues and Crosby mumbling appreciatively.

At five to four they went into the Hotel again.

"I should like you to come up to my room. I have one or two books that might interest you."

Crosby followed dutifully upstairs and they went into a light large room looking over the sea. The old gentleman peered about amongst a few books on the mantlepiece.

"Ah. Here is my old Milton. I always travel with him. 'Him the Almighty hurled Heavenward——'"

With difficulty Crosby restrained a scream and turned

over the pages of a muddy Milton marked with minute pencillings. Added to an ill education, Crosby could not bear quotations anyhow.

"Are you able to read? He asked with sudden malice."

"No, alas! I cannot read now. I have a reader in London who comes every day. And for the short time I am here I have engaged a young lady for the same purpose. Perhaps you know her? Miss Oats, a daughter of the doctor I gather."

Crosby did know her, and felt immediate resentment. So he was up against competition. Then suddenly he noticed a book foreign to its companions. A book that he was anxious to read and could not possibly afford to buy.

The old gentleman took down a translation of Xenophon. "Ever since the Anabasis, that early schoolboy terror, I have always admired Xenophon. What do you think? Oh by the way——" he suddenly added, "here is something I put aside for you."

Crosby turned away from Lawrence to meet last week's "Punch." He still had not the heart to refuse it.

"Do you— like these letters of Lawrence?" he asked, wondering how the book had come there.

"I know nothing about the writer. Not of my generation at all. It is a library copy recommended to my wife by a young friend. But we do not find much in it I fear. Were the book mine I should be glad to give it to you."

Crosby reached a hand out to the volume, then drew it back—too heavy to go under his coat, and there was the man's wife downstairs; very watchful, dominating and inquisitive.

Mr. Moon turned over some papers on a table.

"These will interest you no doubt. They were sent to me, but I do not want them."

Crosby took two journals. One, the official organ of the Anti-Vivisection League; the other, a pamphlet on pacifism.

"Oh," continued Mr. Moon, "here is another interesting little book. More, perhaps, in your line than mine."

It was called Design in Modern Life, lavishly illustrated. Crosby turned over the pages and found it worth looking at.

"You may borrow it, if you wish," said Mr. Moon. "But the others you may keep."

They went down to tea, and Crosby sat on a chintz sofa with Mrs. Moon while she poured out exceedingly weak tea and plied him with stale splits and honey. They talked about Cornwall and the family of Mrs. Moon.

"We are Devon," she declared—as though she had intended it literally. So emphatic it was; just, "We are Devon." Conclusive. They were Devon.

Began the inevitable, interminable discussion about the relative merits of Devon and Cornish cream, Mrs. Moon insisting that real *cream was not made in Cornwall.*

"Well, it's good enough for me," said Crosby playfully.

"Ah, I daresay," she wagged. "But is *good enough* good *enough? Devon cream, you see——" somehow she worked round to salt, and informed Crosby that a certain salt if put into water, would not melt. "Take a spoonful and drop it in a tumbler of water. Now when you are eating your dinner this evening, do try what I say. Drop a teaspoonful in your wine-glass——"*

Crosby chuckled hollowly.

"——and you will find it will all *remain at the bottom? Nothing but glass, you know! The* wickedness *of it!"*

Her husband had evidently been initiated into this remarkable discovery, for he shuffled uneasily in his chair.

"Can I have cream in my tea, dear?" he asked gently.

"No, you may not!" She barked like a cross little dog.

Crosby got up and walked across the room in his grandest manner, drawing his pipe automatically from his pocket.

"You do not mind if I smoke?" he asked. It was a conventional courtesy. Nobody ever did.

"Oh I am so sorry," said Mr. Moon, acknowledging the fierce expression of his wife. "My wife suffers from her eyes. Tobacco smoke is exceedingly bad for them. Can you wait?"

"Of course, I really don't care at all. It's merely a habit. I am better without."

Lying hypocrite, he said to himself, and seeing a guide to Cornwall he took it up and casually looked at it. The hotel had suddenly become unbearable to him; a stifling hothouse of tender nourishment, removed from the hardness that is the core of life.

"This seems a good book," he said.

"Yes, an excellent book. Do borrow it if you would care to."

"But you will be wanting it——" began Crosby weakly, restraining his hand from throwing it at her head.

"No, no. I have finished with it. Do take it."

"You can return it with the other little book," added her placid husband, folded neatly in an armchair, the tips of his fingers expensively, philosophically meeting in an attitude of prayer. "Sometime before Sunday as we are leaving for London on that day."

The door opened and a young woman came in. It was Miss Oats, the doctor's daughter. She stopped when she saw Crosby and nodded without speaking. Crosby smiled sourly.

"And now," said Mr. Moon, "I must leave you. This young lady and I have work to do." He held out his long, grave hand. Crosby wanted to crush it and crush it till it dropped limp, but he took it gently, looking into the dead eyes of the old romantic and thinking suddenly about the mine shaft. Then he shook hands with Mrs. Moon, took the books and hurried to the door. Outside, the world was very quiet and all spring in a single minute of release. The great hotel towered behind him in its ugly gospel of soft-footed comfort, its damning certainty that what it stood for would never be eradicated, whereas the Crosbys of this world would, like as not, nowhere be found.

But Crosby was better. He got home and sat in the doorway of his cottage, looking at the sea and knowing that he really saw it and knew that it was good. He put Mr. Moon out of his mind, deciding that he would send the

books back on Saturday and not go himself. Yet he knew that he would go. He glanced at the guide, even then seizing on a last chance and shaking the leaves of the book for a possible cheque. There was nothing but an envelope which told him what he already knew, that Mr. Moon lived in Kensington.

He had a postcard the next morning, written very indistinctly from the hotel.

"To tell you we have changed our plans and shall be returning on Saturday afternoon."

It was an unusually domestic Saturday morning when he had to cope with housewives in local shops. He swore, and decided that he had not received the postcard. Besides, he liked the guide. It would be useful for friends who came to stay with him.

But a week later he had another postcard, this time from Kensington, typed and somewhat formidable.

"I shall be obliged if you will send me my Cornish guide and the booklet on design. Apparently my P.C. written last Friday miscarried."

Crosby felt that he was beaten. He sent back the books without a word. It was the last he ever heard of Mr. Moon.

* * *

Miss Hazeldine put down the magazine very quietly and looked at Mr. Fellowes. He appeared to be very moved by the story, or had he fallen asleep? But presently he spoke.

"Thank you Miss Hazeldine. That will be all, thank you."

He did not look up.

"It's——" she began. But he interrupted her somewhat imperiously. "That will be all, thank you. I am greatly obliged."

She bade him good evening and went out. Left alone, Mr. Fellowes did not move from his chair, but sat there with his hand over his eyes, his left hand playing a tune on the arm-rest. Thus for perhaps a quarter of an hour he sat, while the sun grew darker outside and more

and more people passed on their way home from work. Then with a movement of sudden decision he got up and opening a bureau, drew out his cheque book. He toyed with his pen a moment. What should he make it? Twenty pounds? A hundred? Five hundred? It made little difference to him. He was still undecided when the door opened and his wife came in. Hurriedly he put the cheque book away and kissed his wife with a bleak smile.

"I was just thinking my dear," he said. "Is it not a vulgar action to heap coals of fire?"

"I should say, extremely vulgar. But why do you ask?"

"Oh no matter," he said.

He suddenly thought of the last sentence in the magazine story. After all, it were better to abide by that.

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The Favourite

By R. N. Currey

THIS voice, these eyes, the rind
of my ambitious mind,
cannot impose upon mankind;

but he, whose person's lead
men follow, shares the need
of Adam's so gregarious breed;

and I, his Mercury
between the earth and sky,
his Pegasus ridden cruelly,

use little wings and staff
to bring fire on the draff
who see me fly for him, and laugh,

use flying hoof and hock
to scatter the low flock
who see me slave for him, and mock:

the power behind the throne
whom all men court and shun,
'tis I who am alone.

The Spirit of the New German Army

By Dr. James Murphy

ALL German boys who were born in the year 1914 have now been called up for military training. In October last the young recruits entered the various barracks throughout the country and put on the military uniform of the Third Reich. They were required to take the following oath: *Before God I swear this holy oath, that to the Führer of the German Reich and People, Adolf Hitler, Supreme Commander of the Defence Force, I shall render unconditional obedience, and that as a brave soldier I shall always be ready to pledge my life for this oath.*

A striking exemption is stated in the law which re-enacted compulsory military service, and which came into force on May 21 last year. In the first place, all non-Aryans are excluded from the regular army. This affects the Jews, of course. Though not actually deprived of the rights of German citizenship, Jews are excluded from holding public office under the state by virtue of what is called the "Aryan paragraph" in the law of 1933. As military service in Germany is declared to be the highest honour and duty of citizenship, it is thought logical enough that the Jews should be excluded; but a more practical consideration is that a difficult situation would arise if this "alien" minority were forced to mix on intimate terms with the young recruits in the barracks. The law states that Aryan descent is a necessary qualification for active military service. In order to qualify under this heading, the recruit must prove that both his parents and grandparents were Aryans. Even if one of his grandparents belonged to the Jewish faith, he is thereby disqualified. Yet all Jews are bound to report for examination, and a decree issued subsequently to the law declares that non-Aryans who have been

found physically and mentally unfit for military service will be allocated to the territorial reserves.

A radical departure from the old system is implied in the section of the military service law which proclaims that the way to the officer's career is open to every recruit who has fulfilled his military service. There are no outer conditions which may prevent him from rising to the highest rank in the army. Thus, for instance, it is explicitly laid down that he need not have graduated from one of the higher schools. In the old days the higher positions in the army were practically the monopoly of the aristocracy, the landed gentry and the well-to-do middle classes; for only these could afford to give their sons the education that was a necessary preliminary for entry into the army as an officer. The officers formed a social caste. That is no longer the case.

Naturally, a superior education and the inherited tradition of leadership will always be of advantage, but these qualities will be valued only inasmuch as they directly contribute to increase professional military efficiency. What is of practical importance for the rank and file of the people is the abolishment of the old privileges of caste and class and the substitution therefore of the leadership principle. This principle is directly based on personal efficiency. Therefore the public feel that there is no longer any danger of the army being exploited in the interests of a privileged class or dynasty. The army becomes essentially a people's army.

Here it may be well to remark that the principle of leadership, the *Fuehrerprinzip*—which is widely misunderstood abroad and sometimes ridiculed—is not an abstract invention of the Nazis. It is based on something that is deeply ingrained in the German character. This something is what I may call the sense of technical efficiency. Even before the appearance of the Nazis it was very noticeable in the professions and in all technical work. Personally, I have been very much impressed by it in the printing trade. A few years ago I founded an

international academic review in Berlin. It was printed in English and, as nobody in the compositors' room was familiar with the English language, I had to supervise the setting-up of the type myself. There were about 1,500 men employed in the whole establishment, and I used to notice everywhere that each man took his orders from the man above him in a spirit which is very difficult to describe, but which was very characteristic. He did not look upon the man above him as superior in any way except in the technical sphere in which they worked. He took his orders as an apprentice would take them from his master; and he always called the foreman "colleague." In attending some surgical operations in two of the famous clinics, I noticed the very same spirit. The head surgeon was not addressed as "Sir" or "Professor" by his juniors. He was simply called "colleague." There was no question of obedience to a person in a higher position, but rather the sense of following and learning from one of superior knowledge.

This may sound like a digression, but it is very important if we would understand the practical significance of the leadership principle as applied to the new German army. From the negative point of view it means the elimination of those phases of Prussian militarism—the Zabern spirit—which were so distasteful to the outsider. There is little likelihood that we shall see the restoration of the clanking swords in salons and restaurants. This means that the new army may be looked upon as a *Fach* army, just there to do its job and no more—somewhat as the British navy is looked upon by ourselves. It will probably have nothing like the same social significance that the military profession had in the old days. And yet it is almost certain to fulfil a much more profound social function.

This brings me to a phase of the new German spirit which is very little known abroad. What were the motives that led the Hitler Government to restore military conscription in Germany? And what has been

the general reaction on the part of the populace towards this act of the Government? I feel that the answers to these two questions will help to give the outsider an understanding of the German position from the German point of view.

In answer to the first question it must be said that of course the obvious reason which led to the restoration of conscription was the necessity of organizing the defensive forces of the country in view of the intensive re-arming that has been going on all over Europe. There was another obvious reason too. This arose from the feeling that as long as Germany agreed to the one-sided stipulations of the Versailles Treaty, the people would naturally feel themselves placed in an inferior position, and this feeling would certainly not harmonize with the movement for national regeneration. It is all very well for outsiders to say that the German likes uniform and military accoutrements and that he is not happy without them. That may be true, but it is meaningless to reiterate it in regard to the present situation. Even if the Germans were the most un-warlike nation on earth, they would feel the slur of the Versailles prohibition and would want to re-arm. On the evening of March 16, 1935, a few hours after the military service decree had been promulgated, I moved about among the populace in Berlin, to test their reaction. The decree came as a surprise even in well-informed circles. Therefore the reaction was quite spontaneous, and there could be no doubt about its spirit. From some points of view the attitude of the average citizen was amusing. He stuck out his chest, hammered his heels on the pavement, took his wife on his arm, and strode down Unter den Linden or along the Wilhelmstrasse with an air of: "Well, the other fellow is allowed to have the boxing gloves, and why shouldn't I have mine?" But this did not suggest that he was out for blood. It simply meant that a feeling of national inferiority, over what is to the Germans a very sensitive point of honour, had been relieved.

Beyond the obvious reasons for the restoration of conscription, there are others which are more important for those of us who have been carefully following German developments during the past decade or more. It has recently become a trite saying in the German press that the Army is the School of the Nation. A Britisher or Frenchman or American might easily take that in the wrong sense. Let me put it in the right sense here. We shall look at it from several aspects.

First, it must be remembered that in Germany there are no public schools which form a counterpart of the public schools in England. Nor do the universities fulfil a similar function ; for the universities are non-residential. When we say in England that the war was won on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow we imply something far more than that. We imply, I think, that the whole public school system and university system in England is a very important factor in the formation of the national character, by which I mean the cultivation of those general ideas and principles which determine the average Englishmen's outlook on life. Now, the military schools in Germany fulfilled that function in the pre-war days. I am not questioning here whether the principles which they inculcated were desirable or undesirable from our point of view. The fact is that they were the principles and ideas which energized the German nation at that time ; and they were cultivated and upheld principally through the military schools. The other schools did not pretend to fulfil any such function. The high schools and universities were concerned exclusively with the task of imparting knowledge. And they remain the same to-day. Ever since Humboldt's time the essential and exclusive scope of the German universities has been to increase the stock of human knowledge and share it out indiscriminately to all comers. The universities are non-residential and there is no college or tutorial system, such as we have. Students simply attend lectures in the large halls or discussions in the seminars ; but there is no

social life connected with the universities as such, apart of course from a few select student corps. Therefore the university plays only a very small part, if any, in the formation of a cultivated public opinion. The same is true of the high schools. In comparison with our system, the number and influence of the debating societies and athletic clubs connected with the German universities are negligible.

This explains much which would otherwise be unintelligible to the average Britisher. I have said that the universities did not and do not represent a factor that has a direct influence on public opinion. In one sense there is an exception to that statement. And the exception is illuminating. It regards the teaching of Marxist socialism. That teaching made its way into the universities and high schools, generally through the appointment of socialist professors, some of whom already held their chairs before the war, but most of whom were appointed by the socialist régimes that followed the war. Their teaching was given as part of the curriculum. It was an interpretation of history, of sociology, of economics and so on. It was maintained purely on the intellectual plane, appealing to the individual student as an individual. Among the students there was no national or class *esprit de corps* to offset it. When we now hear men like Dr. Goebbels, who is himself a very intellectual man, attacking what he calls the " deracinated intellectualism " of pre-Nazi days, we shall not find his wrath so very unreasonable if we try to understand it in the light of what has been taking place in German academic circles for the past twenty years or more. And in this light perhaps we shall also find at least an explanation, if not a justification, of the harsh manner in which the Nazis have treated some of the leading lights in German academic life.

I mention this here because I wish to emphasize how keenly the necessity is felt for some organ of public education which will make up on the personal side for

what is lacking in the schools, especially the high schools and universities. This necessity was felt even long before National Socialism came into power. We may get a clue to the manner in which it will be met if we remember that as early as 1920 Hitler had a post as political instructor to the soldiers of Guard Regiment No. 41, in Munich.

But it may be asked whether the present party organizations are not considered sufficient for the national consolidation of the youth. They are not. They raise and maintain enthusiasm, but that enthusiasm is not always based on intellectual conviction. And it is this latter which the German demands. To the Britisher a rather surprising feature of the German mind is that the German is generally more interested in the reasons for an opinion than in the opinion itself. In a German scientific or philosophical book you will often find that the author deals the whole way through with the premises but stops short when it comes to stating the conclusion. Perhaps this is the reason why one hears it so often said that the Germans know everything and understand little. However, for our present purposes it explains two things: first, how it was that the German students were so easily captured by socialist teaching and, secondly, why the necessity is now so keenly felt for some system of training which will place the national *Weltanschauung* on a firm intellectual basis. There is a general feeling that this task cannot be left to the haphazard influence of press and platform and political organizations.

In the semi-official military primer (*Wehrpflichtfibel*) which is meant to be a *vade-mecum* for the young recruit, it is stated that "the restoration of universal defence service must not be considered merely in its military sense. Its general educational function has a special significance for the German people." The primer then refers to the ideas which influenced Scharnhorst when he first established universal military service, even for

times of peace, as part of the Prussian constitution. The men around Scharnhorst believed that a new type of citizen could be formed by this means and their hope was thus to build up a social bulwark against the spread of the ideas which were being propagandized by the disciples of the French Revolution. "It is not to be wondered at," writes Major Foertsch, the author of the primer, "that the advocate of universal military service was attacked all round by the revolutionary elements."

Nowadays outsiders are liable to forget what happened in Germany in 1918 and during the years that immediately followed. The German political and social structure was almost completely shattered by the defeat of 1918 and the subsequent economic collapse. The Kaiser and the federal kings and princes had been heads of the State, heads of the army and even bishops of the Evangelical Church, which was the predominating ecclesiastical institution in Prussia. The army was not merely an instrument of military defence; it was also the principal social organism of the nation, incorporating in its officers the ruling aristocracy and also, to a large extent, the upper middle classes. These suffered disastrous depletion on the battlefields. From the political and social and national standpoints, the essential significance of this depletion was the loss of leadership. That was perhaps the most catastrophic of all losses suffered by the Germans.

I think that during the past ten or fifteen years responsible Germans have increasingly felt that they were faced with much the same problem, but in a much more widespread and acute form, as faced the men around Scharnhorst and led them to establish universal military service in Prussia, for the first time. The idea now is not merely to forge a military instrument for the defence of the country, but also to create a social organism which should incorporate the nation as a whole and take the place of the old classes and castes. As I mix with the average German citizen I hear it said

that it is an excellent thing to take youngsters off the hands of their parents at a very difficult age and put them through a system of disciplinary training, not merely physically but also morally and mentally. It is not that German youths are different from the youths of any other country. It is rather that they lack standards of reference such as are furnished by traditional institutions—educational, social and political—that have endured in other countries and have collapsed in Germany. It is hoped that by bringing all the youth of the nation to live together in daily companionship a better general spirit will be created. This is the way in which the average German looks upon the restoration of military conscription.

The Call of Deep Waters

By GRETA BRIGGS

I'd settled ashore, my farm was bought,
I'd sailed the last of my trips—
When I found a street in a salt-grey port
That took me back to the ships.

The tang of the furthest wharves on earth
Had come with the fruit and spice,
Where the awninged, Eastern steamers berth,
Bringing pine-apples, silk, and rice.

I thought of the coasts where I used to trade,
The ports I knew—and the men!
Of Rarotonga and Adelaide,
And the streets of far Cayenne.

So, lad, I never did settle down,
For the land denies you ease
When once you have met in a harbour town
The soul of the seven seas!

The Outlook for Authorship

By Hamilton Fyfe

WHEN I began my career as one who meant to make a living with his pen there was still a "profession of letters." Nearly all writers of books expected to make a living out of them. A few hundred authors managed to exist on the proceeds of their labour. It was not easy to get books published—nothing like so easy as it is now. Publishers' lists were small—very small they look if set besides the long twice-yearly catalogues of today. But there was more taking of risks then. A present-day publisher need not lose on any ordinary book. Libraries will buy enough copies to cover expenses of production; publishers at the end of the nineteenth century had no such comfortable certainty. They might issue and advertise a book without selling more than an armful of copies, and without receiving any notice from the Press.

Books were reviewed (if they had any value) in a few daily newspapers and the literary weeklies. The reviews were not signed. This gave them an influence greater than is exercised by individual opinions, and made them more honestly critical than signed reviews are—as a rule. There was less temptation to show favouritism or the reverse; if it were shown, editors were quick to discover and check it. Men or women who read for publishers did review for some papers, but they seldom dealt with books from the firm by which they were employed—either because such books were not sent to them or because they felt it would be improper to keep them, if they were.

A fairly large and steady sale awaited any book by an author of repute that was generally recommended by reviewers—even when novels were published in three volumes at half-a-guinea each. Reviews did not ensure sales then, any more than they do now; but if, when an author had written four or five books that had been

praised in the Press and a little talked about, there grew up a demand for his work, he could count on a livelihood. The thirty-one-and-sixpence which the bookseller got for a novel provided enough to pay him handsomely, the publisher adequately, and the established author moderately well. Other kinds of books were priced on the same high scale. All concerned in their production could live out of them. Proprietors of circulating libraries also made a small profit, though letting-out books was usually a side-line to some other activity.

In the nineties a new reading class appeared, as a result of the Education Act passed by Gladstone's Government in 1870. There was a steady increase in the number of people who regularly bought newspapers and books. In the nineties were published the first daily journals with a wide appeal; the first novels in one volume at six shillings were issued. Not until then did books begin to be bought in large numbers and to form part of the equipment of every household desiring to be credited with cultivated tastes. Up to that time few houses save those of the wealthy possessed more than a handful of volumes. On drawing-room tables lay two or three large books, probably engravings, or possibly slim volumes of poems. In dining-room or study might be found a bookcase with glass doors (which no genuine reader would endure) and often with part or all of the glass covered inside with green silk or baize, which means that it was the hiding-place for medicine-bottles, playing-cards, old newspapers, ornaments that had fallen out of favour or been chipped. Now—in the nineties—bookshelves were seen filled with the discreetly-bound novels that took the place of the "yellow-back" of bad repute. This was the contemptuous term applied to cheap editions bound in picture boards and published at two shillings; these had been the only cheap editions of fiction so far.

One result of the change was an increase in the ranks of authors and publishers both. The gains from one

successful book were now so large as to tempt many to try their hands at writing. More than sixty years before this the *Edinburgh Review* had described the early thirties of the nineteenth century as "a novel-writing age; persons of all ranks and professions who feel that they can wield a pen successfully now strive to embody the fruits of their observation in a work of fiction." It was at this period that Disraeli predicted the coming of a time when everybody would be able to scribble and nobody to write. Again in the nineties the amateurs rushed into a field which had for a long time pastured only professional writers. They could count on their efforts being read in publishers' offices. Sudden fame which came to unknown novelists, most of them women, set publishers seeking "books that would sell." Every man of them hoped to discover a new Mrs. Humphry Ward, Sarah Grand, John Oliver Hobbes or Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, famous novelists at that time, who are not even names to the readers of today.

Some of the men who flashed into prominence on the strength of a small output had more of staying-power in them. Barrie, Kipling, E. F. Benson held their places. Others, like Ian MacLaren and S. R. Crockett, were quickly forgotten. This was the period when publishers began to advertise more boldly. A London newspaper, *The Daily Chronicle*, started a "literary page." The standard of fiction rose. Authors of the Marie Corelli and Hall Caine school became butts for ridicule among the newer novelist and critics. There was at the same time a revival of attention to works of the past. The world's classics were republished in handy cheap form. A fresh interest in poetry sprang up. The carefully-written essay was cultivated once more. A new book-reading, book-buying class had come into view. A new era in literature was confidently proclaimed.

Every year from that time on the number of books published showed a rise. So did the number of writers who could live by their work. Any who could capture

the mass of readers made a fortune. Any who could win over even a small public of their own earned enough for simple needs. As for publishers they multiplied exceedingly and usually prospered, (one of them, John Long, left £97,000 not long ago). The *London Gazette* seldom recorded bankruptcies among them ; the Treasury often profited by their wills. At the same time libraries were very much on the increase. Public libraries soon came to be considered a necessity for all self-respecting cities and towns. Subscription libraries of old standing, enlarged their businesses or else went under : new ones appeared, hiring out books at cheaper rates, with branches in every centre of teeming population. There had opened, it seemed, for all occupied in the production of books a period of prosperity that must continue.

In a sense that prosperity has gone on expanding. More books are being published now than were ever published before. During the first half of last year 8,700 appeared, a rate of two an hour. This number exceeded by 1,000 the total during the first six months of 1934 ; it included 3,000 novels. In the municipal public libraries of London and the " Home counties " (those which surround London) the number of books taken out in 1934 was fifty-seven millions. Ten years before fewer than half that number were lent—only twenty-three millions. Most of these were novels, which form by far the largest class in all commercial lending libraries. That sounds as if writers of fiction must be doing well. Yet correspondents of *The Author* have been discussing " why so many novelists cannot make even a bare living." A few, it is true, make fortunes ; a few more earn enough to keep them in comfort ; the most get next to nothing for their work.

The main reason for this is the vastly increased number of novel-readers. It sounds paradoxical ; it is solid truth. As the quantity of novels published goes up, the amount of money made by novelists goes down. The spread of twopenny libraries, for example, which

ought to have been profitable to novelists, has been exactly the opposite. Most of the twopenny borrowers have either bad taste or none, chiefly the latter. Many of them would, I am sure, as soon read about men and women drawn to resemble life as about unrealities, either conventional or fantastically remote from experience. Many would as gladly seek diversion in a story of human relations as in mechanical crime and detective plots. But unfortunately they are satisfied with anything that is given them. In answer to the demand for novels, therefore, the publishers pour out more than a hundred a week; nearly all are of the slightest possible merit. Once they published a few and sought for quality. Now it is quantity that matters. They must have so many in their lists and, as not enough that have any value are procurable, they take what they can get, paying little or nothing to the authors, who are most of them unknown.

How small are the sums paid even to writers of novels whose names are known, whose tales are widely reviewed and regularly advertised, can be judged by a letter I received from such a man a few weeks ago. He had not long before published his fourth story. It was well reviewed; the advertisements of it quoted favourable opinions. He told me that 1,100 copies had been sold: this had brought him in about fifty pounds. He would not get any more; the life of nearly all novels is a month or two at most.

Now that is not a living wage, since two novels a year is the most that a writer can expect to get published. Another novelist who seems also to be among the lucky ones is, I happen to know on his own authority, subsisting on a small weekly allowance made to him by a firm which hopes that some day he will spring into the best-seller class.

If that is how things are with apparently well-established authors, it is plain that the novice usually receives nothing at all. Many publishers prefer the

work of novices for this reason. And, as the authors of first novels are almost invariably amateurs, they are pleased enough to see their stories in print ; they seldom insist on payment. Only a very small proportion of them have sufficient staying-power to become professionals. A novelist, says Mr. Jonathan Cape, cannot expect normally to reach success, short of his fourth or fifth novel. Without ample means of existence other than writing, how many novelists have either the patience or the endurance—let alone the supply of ideas—to persevere ? Half at least drop out after the second and third.

As I look along the novel shelves of a Boot's or Smith's library, I see dozens of books by authors whose names I never saw before and shall very likely not see again. They are like tickets in a lottery. The publishers buy them, they admit, hoping there may be a winner amongst them. What the characteristics of winners are nobody knows, but everyone knows that a sound, straightforward relation of likely happenings has small chance of being immediately talked about : novels of that descriptions are, therefore, as a rule rejected. Happily Miss Dorothy Whipple's were not ; happily too, Miss Margery Sharp, who began by being fantastic, did, in *Flowering Thorn* bring herself closer to life and in *Four Gardens* right up to it. But writers like these, who can be counted on to turn out a readable tale, are scarce. Most now strive with almost frantic eagerness to create some kind of a sensation. It is by efforts in that direction that novels recommend themselves to publishers. For a sensational novel may very likely be a best-seller, and Mr. Geoffrey Faber, in *A Publisher Speaking*, has admitted that " only best sellers stand between publishers and starvation."

That is to say, novels with moderate sales do not earn more than enough to avoid a loss. Up to a point publishers can afford to include some of these in their lists so long as they include also one or two " winners."

The profits on large sales rush up as the numbers sold increase. A few books that really make a hit keep a publisher going, even though he may have put out a good many that do little more than pay for themselves. Thus, if he publishes a hundred books a year and five of these are best-sellers (a hopeful estimate) he has drawn five prizes in the lottery; he can be complacent about the blanks.

He must not, of course, pay his authors a great deal —unless he can confidently count on their delivering best-sellers, or unless he uses their books chiefly as advertisements for his firm. Extravagant sums are occasionally paid to prominent people by publishers who hope that association with celebrities will advance their business generally. A new firm will, if it has money enough, outbid older firms for some work that is sure to be talked about, with the object of making itself known. The writer who has gained one big success can always sell his next book for a large sum because there is competition for it. It is looked on as a certain winner, and certain winners are what all publishers want. They cannot exist without them. That is why (to quote Mr. Geoffrey Faber again) "general publishing is fast degenerating into a gambling competition for potential best-sellers."

As in all trades that largely use advertisement, publishers' products must either sell in very large quantities or fall flat. A soap or a cigarette that found favour with a moderate number of buyers, even though they bought it steadily, would very soon disappear. It is only the huge sale that can recoup lavish expenditure on advertising, whether the commodity advertised is a patent medicine, a motor-car, or a book. That is why publishers cannot exist on moderate sales of their wares. It may almost be said that there are no moderate sales. Either a book earns a great deal of money or it earns none to speak of. Some which earn none to speak of get published because there are still publishers who

take pride in being associated with good work. But they do not expect to make money out of it. For that reason they do not advertise it widely. It is left to take its chance. Now and then it happens to be talked into popularity and then the force of publicity is put behind it. Most publishers agree that advertising is of small avail until a book has begun to move or unless a certain demand for it can be counted upon. This is not merely a plea for the policy of " rushing to aid the winners," it is not entirely an excuse for neglecting to push books ; there is truth in it. For, in order to advertise effectively, the advertiser must have faith that his effort will repay him. A little advertising is of no use. Publicity must be bold and continuous, if it is to sell goods. No one will put out that kind of publicity unless he feels enthusiastic.

Now, very rarely indeed does a publisher look forward confidently to a book making a hit—save when its author has already created a demand for his work. Therefore, if he advertised books in which he felt no confidence, he would do it in a small, ineffective way. Only when he is stirred to enthusiasm, will be he inclined to plunge.

What stirs him ? What gives books the start which impels publishers to get behind them with vigour ? No one knows. Trying to predict what will sell books is no better than guessing. It happens sometimes that success in America discovers possibilities to publishers which they have neglected in Britain. If *The Old Wives' Tale* had not caught on in the United States, its cool reception here might have delayed for many years the recognition that Arnold Bennett had produced a masterpiece. For it did not go well in England until its American popularity showed that it was worth pushing.

When a large sale is assured, the publisher is quite ready to advertise. He can judge what the immediate demand will be by the number of copies booksellers decide to take (in the trade term, to subscribe). That decision is arrived at without any consideration of the

merits of a book. The bookseller is a shopkeeper. His aim is to stock what the public are likely to buy. He is well aware that one success ensures the sale of the following book—indeed, of many following books as a rule. He takes these as a matter of course, and he may be induced to take volumes lacking a ready-made welcome either upon the recommendation of a publisher's traveller or because advance notices have announced sensational revelations or episodes or adventures or whatever it may be. But rarely does the bookseller stock a book because he himself likes it's author's work and considers it to be good. Nor would it be reasonable to expect him to do so. He is a commercial man ; it is a commercial maxim that traders must follow the public taste (when it is discoverable), not their own. The same is true of the commercial libraries—and unfortunately most of the non-commercial ones act on the same principle, though they are not subject to the same need.

The vast flood of books adds enormously, of course, to the librarians' difficulty in making choice. They cannot read all books. They cannot rely on reviewers' opinions, seeing what wide gulfs part them, and having been often deluded. They are compelled to buy in general, (*a*) books by authors with a large public and, (*b*) books that are persistently asked for by readers. Some add a few of their own selections ; others do not. They might be of real assistance to good literature, if they formed a central advising committee which could send them names of books worth putting on their shelves, but likely otherwise to be overlooked. They could thus revive that literary patronage which flourished (with useful results on the whole) in eighteenth-century England. Works of merit, not of a character to win wide or instant popularity, might then be saved from the remainder box, where too frequently they go.

No complaint lies against the managers of libraries depending on subscriptions if their sound business instinct urges them to buy as few copies of any book as possible. "They purchase the bare minimum" says

Mr. George Harrap. While they must have enough to supply the wants of their subscribers, and while these may force them to buy many copies of works that are in brisk demand, they resist placing repeat orders as long as they can, and they are no more likely than the booksellers to be influenced by anything but demand. They will take a few copies of any book that is not either highly technical or, in the opinion of their managers, dangerously indecent. Whether they give repeat orders depends upon the number of people who ask for a book they want to read and are not to be put off with " This is a very nice story, madam," or " We haven't had that in yet."

The libraries have a sensible method of measuring the demand for a book. When it is insistent, they order heavily. It seldom is insistent for books other than the sensational or the sentimental. What most library customers want is not literature, but something to give them a momentary thrill or harrow their feelings with superficial pathos. Nor is there any good reason why they should not have what they want. It is the practice of catering almost entirely for them which is dangerous to literature and disastrous to authorship. To the business men who control newspapers and playhouses the appeal to the mob seems the only one worth consideration. An audience " fit, though few " cannot keep open a theatre for which an enormous rent must be paid. Huge is the expense of distributing a newspaper on a scale sufficiently wide to secure circulation that will enable high prices to be charged for advertisements, on which newspaper existence depends. This puts the appeal to any picked class of readers out of the question, if large profits are sought, as they are by every one now in the newspaper trade. Large profits can be made only by catering for the mass. This is why London has three evening papers on mass-production lines and not one for the people who like to feel that a newspaper treats them as intelligent beings. The contents of these three newspapers are almost identical—as much alike as the

different brands of heavily advertised cigarettes or whiskies. The same is broadly true of the penny morning newspapers produced in London. It must be so. Any article which needs to be sold in vast quantities to make it profitable is obliged to seek a lowest common denominator of taste or interest.

This does not appear to be agreeable to publishers, even though they follow it. One has been cited already. Hear also Mr. George Doran, who was among the foremost of American book speculators. He calls the late nineties and the first fifteen years of this century "the golden age of publishing": he laments that now "the great profession has degenerated into a business of mass production, where each highly enterprising participant seeks by advertisement and other ultra-modern methods to out-yell his contemporaries."

How came this change about? Why should an increased interest in books, even though it be an uncritical interest merely in "something to read"—why has this had so great an effect on publishing? Why could not certain firms supply the new demand and others continue to do business along more cultured lines? For a time that is what happened. Even yet there are firms which have a standard and publish up to it. But most agree with Mr. Faber, who would like to "raise the public taste" but is equally anxious to avoid the "fatal folly of going too fast or too far." Which is the attitude of the sinner who prayed, "Oh God, make me virtuous, but not yet." An attitude, however, which in business men can hardly be condemned. The fate of other publishers is for ever before them.

Here we reach the heart of the matter. This which has happened to publishing had already happened to newspapers when they passed from the control of men who considered them a responsibility as well as a means of livelihood into the hands of persons for whom they were profit-making enterprises and no more. Always, when things of the mind and imagination are dealt with as merchandise, there is a marked lowering of tone. This has long been apparent in the commercial theatre,

more recently in the film industry. The standard becomes quantitative. Quality is no longer of the first, nor even of the second, importance. The only question asked is, " Will it sell in large quantities and return large profits ? "

It does not require to be proved—it is self-evident that the best work scarcely ever sells largely—at first. Five persons in every thousand may delight in it (that is a high estimate) ; it has to make its way slowly. Mediocre work, if it possess the power of momentarily thrilling or stirring superficial emotion, can be boomed into large sales. Even bad work that is impudent or salacious may win many readers ; such work is assiduously sought. Titles, for example, are often chosen, suggesting that stories will please the foolish and prurient-minded (as the suggestive label *One Night of Love* was plastered on to Miss Grace Moore's first musical film). Jackets, as the paper wrappers for books are called, may be designed with the same intention—and very misleading they sometimes prove. Even if they do not deceive, jackets can help or hinder the fortunes of a book. The sale of novels is assisted by bright colours and arresting pictures. An Australian order was lately given to a London publisher for " all your recent novels except those without coloured jackets." If a book by Hardy, Dreiser, Willa Cather or E. H. Young is without this lure, it stands little chance against bedizened rubbish. " Penny plain, twopence coloured " in a new sense !

Another point on which the libraries lay stress is that novels shall be " of standard size." They have learned that the bulk of their customers want a solid chunk of reading, and shy at short weight. Many a novelist has been told by a publisher : " I like your story, but it isn't long enough. Can you pad it out to 75,000 words." Many a really good novel of 50,000 words has been padded out into " the requisite length " and spoiled. It is not merely the number of words that must conform to rule. The actual size of the book must assure customers that they are getting plenty to occupy

them. A publisher, experimenting with thinner paper than the usual, issued a story by a popular woman writer in a volume of less bulk than is common on fiction shelves. At the same time he issued a novel by a new writer and made it the ordinary size. This sold briskly: the popular novelist's work did not go at all well. No reason could be suggested save its appearance of shortness, which above all faults the library customer detests.

As for books other than novels, they may, if their interest is sensational, or can be so represented, earn a great deal of money. Those which earn most are seldom written by professional authors, but by politicians, detectives, explorers, or disreputable women. "Ghosts" are always busy, manufacturing books for actors, jockeys, criminals. Journalists write books because they believe it spreads their reputation, or because they can throw light on some topic of momentary interest. Mr. Curtis Brown, the literary agent, remarks naively in his book *Contacts*: "One keeps on being surprised by the sums available for anything about which the general public is talking." Book-publishing has largely turned into a form of journalism. It handles more and more the ephemeral, less and less the permanent. The active life of a book seldom runs over a month or two.

This may have helped to make almost all authors journalists and many journalists authors. But the chief impulse in this direction has come from the very poor payment authors receive, outside a small ring of them who can demand high prices. What commercialisation effects, in the book trade as certainly as in cigarette-making or sardine-packing, is the emergence of a few brands with an immense sale and the consequent decline of the rest.

The few brands which are vastly profitable cannot, as a rule, be pronounced superior to other brands: sometimes they are of poor quality and owe their preeminence to chance or persistent puffing. By "chance" I mean happening to fall in with a passing mood of the crowd, as *If Winter Comes* did. The faster they sell, the harder they are pushed. Meanwhile, books less

fortunate are neglected. The result is that a few writers —not more than half-a dozen at any time—earn incomes running into several thousands. A larger group just manages to exist. The mass get next to nothing. Writing books cannot be ranked as a Gainful Occupation. Most of it is done for no gain at all.

Is this the result of over-production? In part, yes. As the number of books published has grown larger, the writers of them have earned less. But the main cause of the condition I describe is the library system. In a sense there is no over-production. All the books published—all the novels at any rate—can be marketed. They are not produced at a loss to anybody—except the author. But the marketing arrangements prevent all but a few of them from making any profit. So long as :—

1. *libraries stock every book published.*
2. *publishers accept almost any kind of book.*
3. *authors continue to write for next to nothing.*

this bad state of authorship must be prolonged.

Is there no remedy? None that I can see. If a few more publishers resolved to appeal to those who discriminate between good and bad, they would have to content themselves with small gains, which are not attractive today, and which the new methods of their trade scarcely admit of—the rule being, where advertising is heavy, that much money must be made or none. Some say the taste of library subscribers will improve. But is it not true of books as of coinage—that the good are driven out by the bad?

The outlook would be dark if it were not for broadcasting. Here is the power that will, among the masses, supersede both the newspaper and the book. The future belongs, so far as the crowd is concerned, to the spoken, not the written word. And when the crowd has ceased to read both books and newspapers, when there is no longer the possibility of large profits from them, both will soon improve.

Merlinford

By Raymund Bourne

I.

THERE is a tenseness in the silent wood
That finds an answering note within my mood,
Too vague for words, that seems to call
From some unfathomed deep,
Where secret thoughts and brooding fancies keep:
If lovely sights can charm, here there should be
Enough of mystery
Me to enthral.

II.

For this is such a night men seldom see
But sometimes dream of: moonspun artistry
Wraps round the world with witching light,
Like joys unreal appear
Broad terraces uprising tier on tier,
Beauty of cultured flower and carven stone,
Colour in softened tone,
Tenderly bright.

III.

Far down the burnished surface of the lake
Swans in a roving fleet their harbourage make;
I watched them as in downward flight
They dropt on outspread wings,
Cleaving the water with loud furrowings;
Now noiselessly into deep shade they glide,
Where drooping willows hide
The Birds from sight.

IV.

These weeping willows on an island stand,
Joined by a narrow footbridge to the land
Shining beneath the August moon;
A dome from foreign clime

Fills in the pattern of the nursery rhyme ;
In this strange night famed dog and cow might meet,
And cat and fiddle greet
The dish and spoon.

V.

One visitor makes silent swift descent,
Alighting on the ash tree, long since rent
By Summer storm : on the dead bough
A heron makes his perch,
Still as carved wood until with sudden lurch
He dips : on spindle legs he stands intent,
Keen eye and beak are bent
On fishing now.

VI.

He is a robber I delight to see,
Although he takes the trout so ruthlessly ;
Often when captured by my eye,
His life had forfeit paid
If I had fired : but always I delayed,
I watched his flight, long legs outstretched, wise head
Searching the river bed
As he sailed by.

VII.

Moving through moonlight down a forest drive,
As shadows faint, almost unseen arrive,
In one thin ghostly line, wild deer :
Five hinds, one antlered stag
Come to the water brushing aside the flag ;
They raise their heads before they stoop to drink,
Alert upon the brink
For danger near.

VIII.

They are descendants of an age long gone ;
Among the woods and heaths they linger on,
Known to a few, by few beheld ;
Sometimes the winter snow

Records their passage ; soon they too will go
To join the new tradition of a past,
Already fading fast,
By time dispelled.

IX.

Those noble trees that rise supremely high,
Pointing their clear cut spirals to the sky,
Are not of England's breed, they claim
A Western ancestry,
Whose fame this younger growth does not belie ;
Now grandly placed they stand, without defect,
Designed for fine effect
By princely aim.

X.

How well they blend into the picture here,
Flanking the sleeping house where woods draw near
On either side to make a screen :
Alas the house now stands
Waiting the coming of destroying hands ;
Empty of all that life which once it knew,
Its vacant windows view
This sylvan scene.

XI.

Nature's own features in the landscape aid
Each well conceived addition art has made ;
The spreading heaths and warrens keep
Their native power to please,
And gain from these green groves and belts of trees,
Added allure the traveller to beguile,
Seeing mile after mile
Each wooded steep.

XII.

The beauty that was Merlinford is o'er,
Too devastated wholly to restore,
Even if there were wealth and brain,
Allied with vision great,

This earthly Paradise to reinstate;
There may be other lands more fair, for here
Was Nature's mood severe,
Her aspect plain.

XIII.

Here was a wilderness and barren waste,
Where scarce a path or dwelling might be traced;
At intervals some sand blown farm,
Battled for living room
With close invading bracken, gorse and broom,
Or stood exposed, an interloper there,
Out on the warren bare.
Yet there was charm,

XIV.

In that wild country when the prospect burned
To golden flame by spring time magic turned,
Or in the long roll of the heath
When winter sun-sets raged,
And blazing far a cloudy tumult waged;
Old Crome had painted with an artist's eyes,
Warren and gentle rise
With sheep beneath.

XV.

Now once again the heather land has changed
Since sheep and shepherds the broad warren ranged;
I cannot hold the scales and say
How much of good or ill
Lingers in custom that is changing still;
Old men who knew the old time at its best,
Will praise with honest zest
The old time way.

XVI.

Certain that system justice seemed to hold
Which fed the rural need with city gold;

Men of the town turned to the sea
For food stuffs still more cheap,
The sand land dwellers could no longer keep
Profitless ploughs at work, the farms decayed,
Only the conies played
Where corn should be.

XVII.

That phase was ended when the rich man's wealth
Gave the impoverished land semblance of health,
As potent drugs essay to cure,
And give to faded cheeks
A new intenser glow that falsely speaks;
And yet that simile is hardly true,
The remedy would do.
Could it endure.

XVIII.

This era kept the countryside alive,
The villages and farmsteads seemed to thrive
Even though Agriculture drooped;
Fine cottages replaced
Old tumble-downs which had till then disgraced
Their rustic setting; that at least was good;
Pleasant to view they stood
Thoughtfully grouped.

XIX.

Often I've seen and been intrigued to find,
The farms supplied with buildings of a kind
Not to be matched on other lands,
Of greater value far
Than these by nature ill endowed; which are
Equipped with barn and byre of such a sort
As only may be bought
When wealth commands.

XX.

In tune with this the vast entire estate
Was swept and garnished ; every roadside gate
With fresh white paint, in order trim ;
Each long straight tree lined road
An avenue ; chestnuts with flowery load,
Or lordly beech, old oak defying Time,
Or sweet bee haunted lime,
Or poplar slim.

XXI.

Nearer to home where park and grounds began,
Hedges of spruce and fir or hornbeam ran,
Close clipped as any well kept fence
A skilful gardener's pride ;
You then might walk a mile with one each side,
And then another mile and lest you tired,
Fresh sights to be admired
Would still commence.

XXII.

The farm with prizebred cattle, horses sleek,
And gaily painted wagons, carts that creak
A make-believe of energy ;
A pond for geese to splash,
Corn stacks worth more to look at than to thresh,
And over all a bailiff, free from care,
Getting from farming there
Only the joy.

XXIII.

Nearer again deep woods in grandeur stood,
Where yet the shades of former greatness brood ;
A long straight walk past water led,
Fringed with a narrow lawn
Pleasing the sight down endless smoothness drawn ;
The other side, massed rhododendrons grew,
And frequent bowers of yew
Cool shadows spread.

XXIV.

At the far end an island-studded mere
Seclusion made, where wild fowl without fear
Gathered and bred : but even there
Foes hidden, lurked among
The sedge, waiting to snatch the new fledged young ;
Many a greedy pike, lying in wait,
Has rushed to seize my bait,
Lured from his lair.

XXV.

Still other walks there were, other islands,
Other lakes and streams hidden in woodlands ;
One wondrous path between green walls
Made perfect with much care,
Reached ever on and on ; strange plants and rare
Flourished, fine marbles gleamed, an arboured seat
Was placed where pathways meet
And water falls.

XXVI.

Among the ruins of its former state
The house now stands empty and desolate,
Facing the moonlight, comely still,
And still with gardens fair
And grounds where lingers yet an old time air ;
With dawn the hosts of coming change appear,
Bringing destruction here
With pick and drill.

XXVII.

Already much has altered ; where the shears
Made neatly trim, long ragged growth appears
Quick leaping into uncouth shapes
Freed from restraint : smooth grass
Turns back to nature as the seasons pass ;
But in the woodlands havoc most appalls,
There every giant falls,
Not one escapes.

XXVIII.

Shall I lament for beauty overthrown ?
I know in that I should not be alone ;
Many have loved this lovely place,
Bound by no other ties
Than those which from long labour there arise ;
With their own hands for some part they had cared,
And thus each helper shared
In all that grace.

XXIX.

It may be said, this beauty few enjoyed,
That unproductive labour was employed
Merely to serve a rich man's home ;
It gave these people bread
And more than that, whose work had gone instead
To make a needy plenty yet more poor :
Now through a doubtful door
New methods come.

XXX.

New people, but no planning to restore
A stricken land to what it was before,—
A hybrid race of petty traders—
Coming from the cities :—
With railway bungaloid atrocities,
And cast off cars and shacks and petrol pumps,
Used crates and rubbish dumps,
Come these invaders.

XXXI.

Oh there's a potent charm in open spaces,
A dear enchantment in those lovely places
Where green grass skirts the leafy wood,
And not too ardent sun,
In a clear sky, tells of summer just begun ;
Or you may choose ripe autumn in its glory :
I know another story,
Another mood.

XXXII.

A city, than which none was ever fairer,
Made of fine houses than which none are rarer,
Where spires rise up and turrets gleam;
Its roadways lined with trees,
With spacious lawns and gardens bordering these;
A town with nothing mean, or loud, or selfish;—
Is that too much to wish,
Too grand a dream?

XXXIII.

I think that way were better than to spoil
The country quiet with the Town's turmoil;
Still let our rural acres keep
Their old humanity;
By gaining hours and losing men we buy
Our corn too dear. Banish the false God speed,
And by the old time creed
Still sow and reap.

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THE SALVATION ARM

Recent Events in China

By J. O. P. Bland

THANKS to the Kuomintang's rigorous repression of any critical discussion of public affairs by the Press in China, and because of the belief continually impressed upon public opinion in this country by exponents of the Geneva school of thought that Nanking's " devoted band of Statesmen " (as Professor Gilbert Murray calls them) are making steady progress towards national unity and prosperity, there has probably never been a time since the beginning of the century, when public opinion in England and America has had less accurate information concerning the course of events in the Far East. This condition of affairs accounts, no doubt, for the lack of intelligent interest in the momentous progress of geographical gravitation which began in Manchuria five years ago. Nevertheless, certain recent events, reported cautiously and without comment by the docile news agencies in China and by " our own correspondents " there resident, are of such significance and importance that it becomes increasingly difficult to account for their remaining almost unnoticed by our Parliament and Press.

It is fitting that in the ENGLISH REVIEW (which, almost alone, has accurately recorded and interpreted the course of events in China since the Washington Conference) the main facts of the existing situation should be stated. *Imprimis*, however, it may be well to examine briefly the latest tendencies and pronouncements of British policy in the Far East, as they have evolved since the Lytton Commission fiasco and the definite assertion of Japan's forward policy in Inner Mongolia and North China. The exponents of that policy, while clinging desperately to their faith in China's progress, as successively proclaimed by Lord Lytton, Mr. Lionel Curtis, Sir Frederick Whyte and other demi-diplomatic doves sent out to report on the East with

the blessing of Chatham House, have lately found it expedient to modify something of the enthusiasm for Young China's political aspirations, to which Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Lord Robert Cecil, in their respective high places, bore fervent testimony ten years ago. Reluctantly compelled to admit that the Open Door in China has ceased to interest the State Department at Washington, Downing Street has come to make a virtue of necessity and accepted the accomplished fact of Japanese predominance on the Asiatic mainland. Needless to say, the position is not officially stated in any such blunt terms, and Geneva's face is saved, yet a little while by declining to recognise the puppet state of Manchouquo; but the scribes and spokesmen of the "Foreign Office school of Thought," sympathetically convinced of Japan's economic disabilities, are now benignly disposed to admit that, because of the various obstacles placed in the way of her export trade by western countries, she is justified in concentrating her efforts on the rapid development of her market in China. Moreover, more in sorrow than in anger, they observe that these efforts involve an increasing insistence upon conventions specially favourable to Japan, and forceful encroachments upon what is left of China's territorial integrity and sovereign rights. Thus we find the Secretary of the China Association, Mr. E. M. Gull, in close touch with the Far Eastern Section of the Foreign Office, suggesting in the *Times* (February 12), that "a modification of Japan's policy in China might be brought about by altering some of the conditions affecting her access to raw materials and markets in other parts of the world." Sops, in fact, for Cerberus, to be paid for by British traders.

This pacifist gesture has recently found much favour amongst our internationalist high-brows; its inspiration is identical with that which proposed to find a way of peace in Abyssinia by making concessions of British territory to Italy. Reduced to simple terms, it means

that Great Britain should attempt to protect the remnants of our China trade and of the Nanking Government's authority, by concessions to Japan, to the detriment of the Empire's much more important interests elsewhere. As a policy, it is manifestly foredoomed to futility, inasmuch as it ignores the fact, which the Government of Japan has repeatedly emphasised, that neither Japanese nor British trade in China can ever be satisfactorily maintained or developed, until order and security for life and property have been restored under an effective and stable government; in other words, that the prevalent optimism concerning China's progress under the Kuomintang régime, is wholly delusive and that only forcible intervention can put an end to the present chaos. Such intervention is therefore justified, in the opinion of the Japanese, not only by this country's economic necessities, but on grounds of common humanity. In an article contributed to the *Times* (January 8), Mr. Gull, adhering to the Genevan text, reiterates his belief in China's genuine progress and declares that "her capacity to prepare herself for improved economic conditions" will be ruined if Japan persists in her present policy. Chiang Kai-shek being *de facto* ruler of Central China, the question at issue becomes therefore comparatively simple, its solution depending entirely upon an accurate estimate of his present attitude and future policy towards Japan, of his personal prestige throughout the country, and of the likelihood of his achieving a measure of national unity and efficient administration. As to these questions however, as matters stand, none can speak with authority. The Press in China has been effectively gagged, the missionary boards are prudently silent, and the Kuomintang's propagandists are continually at work. The need of reliable information as a guide for British policy is imperative; that there should have been no attempt to supply it, as in earlier days, by means of consular reports, is not the least remarkable feature of the situation.

Under existing circumstances, it is only by carefully following the course of recent events and political movements, and assessing their significance by the light of experience, that one can form any opinion as to the Chiang Kai-shek's prospects of introducing such reforms as shall restore unity and prosperity to any considerable part of China, or, alternatively, as to the possibility of law and order being permanently established, throughout the northern provinces, as the result of Japan's forcible intervention.

Let us therefore consider, in their broadest aspects, those recent events and political movements from which some inferences may reasonably be drawn, as regards China's progress in the only directions which really matter, namely, towards national unity and economic stability. For the purposes of this survey, we may omit consideration of the programmes promulgated and measures adopted, under the advice of League of Nations experts, in regard to matters such as road transport, rural hygiene, mass education, river conservancy etc., etc., because none of these (no matter how gratifying their results as reported to the Council of the League) can contribute anything towards real progress in the all important directions with which we are concerned. For the same reason, the lofty moral principles of Chiang Kai-shek's "New Life Movement" can have no perceptible bearing upon the problems under consideration. Economic stability and national unity can only be achieved by restoring security for life and property to the peasant class, and by establishing a *modus vivendi* between the Central Government and the semi-independent Northern and Southern provinces, sufficiently stable to maintain a united front in matters of foreign policy. Regarded in this light, it is impossible to discover in the course of recent events and in such political movements as can be observed, any justification for the theory of progress towards national unity. As to the real strength and ultimate significance of the Japanese-controlled

autonomous movement in Hopei-Chahar and the region north of the Yellow River, it is too early to form an opinion. In all probability, this movement, like that which led to Manchouquo's declaration of independence, owes much to the initiative of ambitious and venal local officials, unsupported by any really important body of public opinion, and is therefore, of its nature, transitory. It is a movement of which the initial success and rapid growth must be ascribed to the unexpected reluctance of Chiang Kai-shek and his Cabinet to oppose it, and to the conciliatory gestures with which he has yielded the shadow of sovereignty while retaining the substance of Customs and Salt revenues. Of these gestures none is more significant, and no recent event more important, than the Dictator's acquiescence in Japan's insistent demands for a *rapprochement*, to be demonstrated *inter alia* by the appointment to his Cabinet of politicians educated in Dai Nippon and therefore more likely to co-operate with Japan than those (hitherto in the majority) educated in the United States. Of the ten members of the new Cabinet announced on December 12 last, all but three have received their education in Japan ; one (Chiang Tso-pin) was recently Chinese Ambassador at Tokyo. The political significance of this notable change in the *personnel* of the Government lies chiefly in the fact that, in discarding the Harvard-Yale element, hitherto so strongly entrenched in the Nanking bureaucracy, Chiang Kai-shek is endangering the unstable equilibrium of his truce with Canton, until recently manifested in the Premiership of Wang Ching-wei. The attempt on Wang's life at the time of the sixth Plenary Session of the Kuomintang (November 1) was one of several indications of the change which has lately taken place in the political atmosphere at Nanking—a change which, unless all the omens are at fault, foreshadows serious friction between the pro-Japanese and anti-Japanese elements in the administration. History repeating itself, it should lead to a new declaration of

independence by the Kuang provinces and the creation of a South China Republic, on American lines, in close touch with the Chinese communities overseas.

Another indication of this changed atmosphere has been afforded by the concentration of Chiang Kai-shek's activities, military and political, on the remote province of Szechuen. From February 7 until October of last year, he conducted a campaign in that large and wealthy province, generally described as "anti-communist activities in the Far West," with the result (as described by a writer in the *Times*) that "the rule of the formerly independent Szechuen warlords has been wholly destroyed and Central government troops and officials hold every position of importance, strategic or political, throughout the province." In October, Chiang quietly transferred his "All China headquarters" from Wuchang to Chungking. For the Chinese, this strategic movement of the Dictator towards Szechuen, with all that it implies, possesses a peculiar significance. For Chiang Kai-shek, like every Chinese leader who has ever emerged from obscurity to a position of power, shows a very orthodox respect for the classical precedents provided by history for every political situation. That China, exhausted by a quarter of a century's chaos and lacking a generally recognised supreme ruler, should once again be divided into Three Kingdoms or Five Dynasties, is all in the nature of things political, to be accepted with philosophic resignation. But history shows that in such circumstances, Szechuen has repeatedly provided China's warring chieftains with a last impregnable stronghold, and often with an independent Kingdom. There have been Kings of Szechuen, at various periods since the Han dynasty, and as Liang Ch'i-ch'ao observes in his *Essay on Chinese Geography*, "politically, Szechuen and Yünnan are really one independent area." Such being the case, the opinion has lately been gaining ground amongst the Chinese—all realists in politics—that Chiang's acceptance of the autonomous movement of the Northern

provinces and his readiness to run the risk of another breach with the Cantonese party, are phenomena of which the explanation may eventually be found in Szechuen. The cynically minded find nothing inexplicable in Chiang's acquiescence in the autonomous northern movement being accompanied by his acceptance of Japanese military and civil advisers—(did not Sun Yut-sen avail himself of their similar services in 1912 ?)—nor in his willingness to allow them to replace British and German advisers in provinces (such as Kwangsi) where rival warlords still menace his authority. Chiang, they remember, first rose to place and power with the help of Russian men and money in 1925 ; if he can only retain his position by making friends with the mammon of Dai Nippon, that friendship would seem to be indicated. Finally, critics of the Nanking administration emphasise the significance of the fact that the prohibition of opium growing—most lucrative of all sources of revenue—is not to be applied for the present to large areas of the provinces of Chiang's coign of vantage in Szechuen and Yünnan.

For the immediate future, interest is likely to centre largely in the proceedings of the Cantonese party. It is never easy to foresee the line of action to be followed by politicians whose careers have been as chequered as that of Wang Ching-wei, and it remains to be seen whether Hu Han-min, Tang Shao-yi, Chou Lu, and other stalwarts of the classical " old guard " of the party can be brought to accept Chiang's Japanese policy and, following the example of Feng Yü-hsiang, proclaim the principle of national unity by taking the place of the Harvard-Yale element in the Nanking directorate of the Kuomintang. But whatever the results of Chiang's undeniable adroitness in party politics, it is safe to predict that the bulk of public opinion in Kuangtung and Kwangsi will be fiercely against him—as the protesting students already bear witness—and that amongst the American-educated section, dispossessed of the spoils of

office, leaders will arise to produce an agitation against Chiang, similar to that which found fierce expression in Wang Chiang-wei's bitter manifesto of September, 1929.

A straw which shows how the wind may be expected to blow is the book *My Country and my People*, recently published in London by the American-educated Cantonese writer, Lin Yü-tang ; in it, this well-known critic sums up the present condition of his country by saying that "underneath the superficial changes of government system, the essential corruption, futility and incompetence remain, and the essential hopelessness." Lin Yü-tang, still holder of a semi-official position under the Nanking government, is likely to confine his political and literary activities henceforward to the comparative security of the Foreign Settlement at Shanghai.

Having considered China's progress in the direction of national unity, let us now examine her position in the matter of economic stability. If it be admitted, as Chiang himself admits, that everything depends on restoring security and prosperity to the peasantry, there would appear to be good ground for asserting that conditions have considerably improved in certain provinces, notably in Kwangsi, Kiangsi and Chêkiang ; in these, better methods of government, resolutely administered, have increased the general security for life and property and produced other good results, just as they did under Governor Yen Hsi-shan in the "model province" of Shansi twenty years ago, and under several honest Viceroys of the Monarchy. Throughout the country as a whole, however, all the evidence available justifies the conclusion that, either through lack of authority or lack of determination, the Nanking authorities have failed to remove, or to diminish, the three principal causes of distress—to wit, banditry, illegal taxation and opium. It is a curious fact, indicative of the efficiency of the Kuomintang's propaganda bureau and of the inarticulate condition to which public opinion in China has been reduced, that practically no reference to the

existence of these three scourges is to be found in current works of reference and year-books, in the reports of missionary societies or those compiled for the League of Nations Council by its technical delegates. The movements of large forces of bandits from one province to another, and their occasional captures of missionaries, have come to be regarded as normal occurrences and as such are briefly recorded in the despatches of foreign journalists. The Nanking Government, in the person of Chiang Kai-shek, continues to regard bandits in this light except where, either by their numbers or by their strategic position, they constitute a menace to his own armed forces and purposes, as in Szechuen. As regards taxation and official corruption, such facts as those recorded by Mr. Lin Yü-tang in *My Country and my People* are common knowledge amongst the mercantile community, foreign and native, but they find no critical commentators in the press of the Treaty Ports. No voice in all the land is raised to suggest that Geneva's experts, roads, motor-buses, vaccination, experimental hygiene and manipulation of the currency are merely "embroidery on a moth-eaten garment" so long as (in the words of Wang Ching-wei's manifesto) "bribery and embezzlement of public funds, the sale of offices and tax monopolies, are not only winked at, but encouraged."

Finally, as regards opium—worst of the three scourges that are impoverishing and demoralising the Chinese people—attention has repeatedly been drawn in the ENGLISH REVIEW to the manner in which the facts have been concealed from, and misinterpreted by, the Opium Committee of the League at Geneva. Broadly speaking, no information on the subject, other than the "eye-wash" supplied by Nanking, has been published since detailed reports from the provinces were summarised by the editor of the *China Year Book* in 1931. Quite recently, however, the real objects and results of the National Government's policy of "Gradual Opium

Suppression," by means of an official monopoly, have been exposed in a report compiled by Mr. Huang, General Secretary of the National Anti-Opium Association of China, which contains the first critical analysis of the Government's programme, and incidentally affords another significant indication of the Cantonese party's attitude. Mr. Huang estimates the annual revenue which the Government will obtain from its monopolistic regulation of the opium traffic at a hundred million dollars. He observes, that, as no provision has been made for replacing this revenue from other sources, an enormous vested interest is being created, which must prove more potent than any good intentions. To this opium traffic he ascribes " the official corruption, famines, civil wars, poverty, banditry and other social and economic ills, which hinder China's progress." Lastly, he points out that so long as opium cultivation continues to be permitted in the three great provinces of Szechuen, Yünnan and Kueichou, such measures as have been taken to limit, and eventually to suppress, poppy-growing in ten other provinces can serve no national purpose. For these three provinces are the sources from which the Government derives the supplies of opium now being handled by the official monopoly, so that the Government's measures for regulation of the traffic elsewhere " merely amount, in fact, to the suppression of competition."

* * *

If, as there is every reason to believe, the above presents a true picture, on broad lines, of the actual state of China, it is pertinent to enquire whether any useful purpose can be served by the British Government sending Treasury Officials to examine into the Nanking Government's financial position and currency problems? The suggested remedy of a loan for the reorganisation of Chinese railways would be about as helpful as the loan of an umbrella to a man whose house is on fire.

A Wreath for Mrs. Juniper

By Michael Harrison

THE other day it was my sad duty to walk into our local florist's and order a wreath for Mrs. Juniper The florist handed me a little card on which I was to write some message of sorrow or regret; but, my name written, there was nothing else that I could say. He produced a book of verses suitable to occasions like this, and suggested, in a helpful way, that I might like to search there for some stanza that would express poetically something of what I felt at the passing of Mrs. Juniper.

But I said no. Plainly inscribed "*From James*," the card held all I wanted. For to tell the truth, until I had heard of her last illness, I had thought but little of Emmy Juniper. There had been a time when she had filled my youthful horizon with a cloud-like importance, but when I left my parents' home and came to London, she was left behind with the dreams of childhood, and more and more her image and her importance grew dim.

But as I walked away from the florist's shop, I thought much of Emmy Juniper, who had once been our housekeeper. Emmy Juniper, of the curious fruit-laden hats and button boots; Emmy, who—oh, but all sorts of things! And how interested she was in my writing, and how she used to slip into the library after me to tidy up (for she allowed no one else to do that) and sit in the leather chair still warm from my presence.

She would pick up the sheets and scan them, pince-nez held up like lorgnettes, her lips moving as she read out the words (how clearly I can see her now!) She could never get far with my illegible hand, and after darting about, pecking at a word here and there, she would gather up the scattered sheets and put them carefully with the others into the ornamental wrapper that I had made. "Clever!" she would say, and fall once more to dreaming of Palmerston.

* * *

Mrs. Juniper was well past fifty when she first came

to live with us ; a small, grey woman, with an odd, bird-like dignity. A woman who had, as they say, "seen better times." That is to say, she had not always been a housekeeper.

When she was thirty, Emmeline Juniper had been a dressmaker, with a good private connection, and occasional orders from the better-class stores.

Dark Mrs. Juniper (Miss Tadworth, really) was then, with a fine figure, and an eighteen waist ; though what with looking after her brothers and sisters, besides an invalid father, she could not get about very much. And so she went unnoticed.

But Emmy Tadworth had her dreams. Cooking the Sunday joint ; wiping a wisp of hair back from a steamy forehead ; or, with a mouthful of pins, fixing the ruching on a skirt ; she dreamt of independence, a home, and love. She was a provident woman, and though she never said it (for, indeed, how could she know it ?), she must have seemed a woman a little better bred than she really was. She had, for one thing, more dresses than you would have thought, and her trim figure looked oddly genteel.

Well, Emmy Tadworth found her dreams, and if the waking was bitter, still, in the years that followed the waking, the pain of disillusionment vanished utterly, so that she remembered only those glad days when Love had come into his kingdom.

How or where she met her husband she never told ; but mention of him was shadowy with a bygone world of hansoms and frock-coats ; the Criterion and the old Empire. A time of coarse good living ; of pot-bellied men with huge gold alberts and heavy moustaches ; of shouting and frolicking in noisy bars, or beneath the sizzling arcs of Leicester Square ; of guardsmen in pill-box hats ; and of painted deep-breasted women, whose over-decorated dresses swept the horse dung from the mac-adam.

Such a tawdry plenitude the recollection of Palmerston Juniper used to conjure up, at least for me.

They met each other in the private bar of the Admiral Duncan, in Old Compton Street, which was a favourite "house" of Palmerston's. He came romantically into the life of Miss Tadworth, and her heart was instantly his. To have seen him as he was then, in evening dress, with a scarlet lined cape, you had understood why the heart of the little dressmaker fluttered. Such a gentleman he was, looking like George R. Sims in his happier photographs ; complete in his attire, from his black striped scarlet socks, to the diamond stud that shone at the boss of his circular shirt-front.

He cannot have been a perspicacious man ; but one more clever than he might have been forgiven for thinking little Emmy Tadworth so much more comfortably off than she really was ; for mistaking prudence and good management for riches.

And she, in those days before multiple tailors had provided dress suits for those between the bank manager and the waiter, was in her turn deceived, Her little, she thought, added to his——

And his next-to-nothing, he reflected, added to her comfortable savings——

* * *

So they were married ; and for a year they lived as one day they had dreamed of living. They had champagne and lobster, caviare and Benedictine, truffles and green Chartreuse. Each spent capital as though it were income—Lord, what a time they had !

And all eaten and drunk so rapturously amid the plush and gilt of the Third Empire ; in Appenrodt's, the Grand, and the old Café Royal.

Until one day little Mrs. Juniper woke up to find that she had to set about earning a living again ; but this time with a husband to take the place of the invalid father, who had died.

Very bravely she set about it. Quietly, uncomplainingly. And for fifteen years they had miraculously

always something more than bread and butter. She contrived luxuries like whisky, and good tobacco, and pew rents. She kept her self-respect, and never for one moment would she admit that she had made a mistake about Palmerston.

Though, truth to tell, he was worthless. He sat heavily in an armchair the day long, smoking navy-cut and drinking whisky ; an old man, feeding on God-knows-what memories of soldiers murdering each other with belts in Chatham streets ; of the Three Nuns Hotel ; of coursing on the Sheppey Marshes.

Emmeline never grumbled. She used to ask his advice ; taking it against her own better judgment, in order to buttress up the fiction, even to herself, of his value.

Even at the end, years rested lightly on him ; but the excesses of his youth gave him twinges now and then ; little pains which had to be alleviated with applications of liniment and doses of hot rum toddy.

Emmeline talked of him so proudly to her friends ; of his patience, of his bravery, of the intelligent handsome man he was before illness rendered him inactive, and confined him to a red-morocco armchair, where he smoked interminably, and sang songs of a newly remembered childhood :

Oh, she's fair as a buttercup,
And proud as a queen,
Is my little Polly Perkins
Of Paddington Green ——

Paddington Green ! Sinful, happy old man ; dying, as swans do, in music ! So much more favoured than many a better. Hearing about him, I used to wonder which of us could go so easily as Palmerston through life ; shirking all its responsibilities, evading its burdens ; to end a selfish existence, protected and comforted by the kindness and self-sacrifice of a woman who belittled her devotion by pretending that he possessed virtues that in all justice demanded nothing less. But what I learned

only long afterwards was this ; that he had one virtue of which Mrs. Juniper never spoke ; a virtue that in Emmy's opinion outweighed all his faults.

And that virtue was this : that he admired her only for those things in her that *she* felt to be admirable. She was, as I have said, a woman of some attainment, and for this many people found her praiseworthy. She had a good figure, and a trick of retaining the mannerisms of youth, without appearing stupidly affected ; but in these things she took no pride. She was kind, and her face had the attractiveness that an honest, open countenance must always have ; but she was not by a stretch of the imagination to be considered a pretty, or even a passably handsome woman. But she thought she was. She was, I am afraid, a woman inordinately vain. And Palmerston, by some lucky accident, found the " Open Sesame ! " to her adoration. He flattered her ; and flattered her in the one way in which she could be flattered : by praising her beauty.

No one will ever know how sincere was that praise of Palmerston's ; but if it was reasoned, planned, one must give him credit for an unswerving sense of purpose ; and, too, for a patience that is well-nigh incredible. For it is true that neither age nor illness dimmed his perennial admiration of her charms. And for that she loved him And because we only admired her for all those things for which one would ordinarily admire her, she never had for us more than a tolerant contempt.

Perhaps it was that something deep down in her knew Palmerston's compliments for the fraud they were ; and loved the brave imaginative gesture it was. For there was a something prosaic, matter-of-fact about the reasonable admiration of the others that left her cold. For the things in her that merited, commanded admiration she had admiration enough herself. She was never grateful to them for seeing the obvious. And I, knowing nothing of this at the time, never understood till long after the end of the story. Never found till long after a reason for the undeviating affection and respect that

Emmy Juniper bore for this indolent, wastrel old reprobate.

For after fifteen years of coddling he died at last, fortified by the rites of the Church in which his boredom had caused him to take a mild interest and whose counsels had guided his latter days.

But his transcendental luck deserted him at the end, poor old man ; for they performed on him a cruel operation which he bore bravely. Indeed, to his praise, with all the nobility that Emmy Juniper had claimed for him so long.

He was buried in the small churchyard of St. George's, Southwark, on a dull November day. There were a lot of mourners, for the devotion of Emmy had touched many hearts.

The voice of the clergyman sounded flat in the thin, cold air, as he hurried through the service.

The mourners crowded round, as they always do, to take one last look at the brass plate on the coffin. The earth was shovelled in—they turned, and slowly walked away. But Emmeline was no longer unhappy. The sense of irremediable loss had given place to a calm relief. For as the coffin was lowered into the grave, the clouds had parted for a moment, and a pale shaft of winter sunlight had lit up the faces of the crowd. And it had seemed to the softly weeping widow that the spear of radiance had fallen directly on the brass and wood that now held all that remained of Palmerston Juniper.

He had remembered !—Oh ! Palmerston !——

So often she had told me of Palmerston's promise to her : that if Fate willed that he should be taken first, he would " let her know " that all was well.

And she walked out of that churchyard as happy as she had ever been in her life ; a woman whose indomitable imagination had in it the authentic touch of genius ; an imagination that for all those years had protected her from bitterness and despair and wild recrimination ; and at the last could encompass the concept of a God who would suspend His natural laws in order to announce

to his sorrowing relict the acceptance of a selfish, unimportant old man.

* * *

At the end of the road I turned and retraced my steps, for I had thought much of that stark "*From James.*" I asked the florist for my card, and beneath my name I wrote these words in tribute :

Fides omnia vincit.

She never understood Latin on earth, though if all accounts are to be believed, it is, with Hebrew, the everyday speech of that Land where at last, one hopes, she is happy. But here, though she never understood it, it was much admired of little Mrs. Juniper. It seemed to her a gentlemanlike sort of tongue, and was connected in her mind with coins, and town halls, and the grander sorts of public occasions. Indeed, with all that ordered life of security and tradition which she loved so well, and for which so long and so faithfully she strove.

THE CANCER PROBLEM

To the average man who is not a statistician it means little or nothing to be told that cancer mortality claims 0·15% of the total population of the country every year. It comes a little nearer home when it is explained that this percentage means that 61,572 people die of cancer every year in England and Wales alone.

And it does not claim only the aged and infirm, who may be regarded as having passed their period of usefulness to the community at large. It takes those in the full maturity of life—the mother just getting interested in launching her sons and daughters into life—the politician about to take high office—the business man at the zenith of his success, or the working man with an expensive growing family to maintain. The social and economic problems produced by the toll that cancer takes cannot, therefore, be exaggerated.

There is no room for reasonable doubt that the discovery of the cause and cure of cancer will come—but it won't come as a flash of inspiration in a moment. It will come as the result of long continued, laborious and exacting work such as is carried on at the Research Institute of the Cancer Hospital. Please send a Gift to the Earl of Granard.

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

ULHAM ROAD LONDON, S.W.3

Air Frightfulness

By Oliver Stewart

WHEN an outbreak of war is feared, public attention turns towards aviation and its powers of destruction when used against centres of population and industry. Three different opinions upon this subject may be noted : that which holds that the bombing of open towns is prohibited by international law and that belligerent nations will respect that law ; that which holds that the bombing of open towns, although it would probably be employed, is less devastating than has been supposed and that it has the effect of stiffening rather than weakening a people's resistance ; and the third opinion, which holds that the bombing of open towns is the most shattering form of attack, physically and psychologically, and that, so far, no adequate defence against it has been devised.

In my view the third opinion is correct. Air bombing of open towns will be resorted to by belligerent nations and it will be frightful. It is, in fact, its frightfulness that constitutes, from the military point of view, one of its chief merits. Obviously the primary function of air bombing is destruction of men and munitions ; but that its secondary effect is negligible or that it might produce a stiffened resistance, is not to be believed. Air bombing is frightful. It is becoming more frightful. It is effective partly because it is frightful.

During the war of 1914 the squadron of the Royal Flying Corps to which I belonged was stationed at an aerodrome which was repeatedly bombed by the Germans at night. The way in which the "offensive spirit" tended to wilt when officers and men spent their nights surrounded by sand bags, listening to the falling bombs and occasionally suffering casualties from them, was noteworthy. Yet I do not suppose that more than half a dozen machines were used for those attacks or that any bomb of greater weight than 112 lbs was dropped.

Mr. Baldwin has spoken in comforting terms of his committee of scientists which is studying new methods of air defence; but he has declined to say what those methods are. I have a little information about them and I am sorry to say that nothing has yet been devised which would effectively prevent aerial bombing. Moreover, to say that the bombing of open towns would not be resorted to is to forget the history of the war in the air.

"Military objectives" may be bombed whether they are in towns or not. The Germans, to whom belongs the credit (or discredit) of initiating the bombing of open towns at a time when the British, as Lord Trenchard's famous memorandum showed, were still opposed to it, argued that when they bombed London they were attacking military objectives. And so, in a sense, they were; for in modern war every man, woman and child is a military objective. It is not to be presumed that, if there were another war, the enemy could decide that London was no longer a military objective. And about its suitability as a target for the aerial bomb there can be no doubt.

The doctrine of central shock, which I first expounded some years ago in a service journal, seeks to over-ride all marginal defences and to go straight for the large centres of industry and population where are to be found the secret sources of a country's life. It is time that we in England accepted this doctrine and discarded our still widely held belief that no enemy would be so "barbarous" or "callous" or so "reckless of world opinion" as to bomb London and other other centres of population and industry. For it is exactly because it is a concentrated area of humanity, a complex organisation whose working can readily be dislocated, that London would be bombed and bombed intensively. Mr. W. T. Townend, an electrical engineer, has recently pointed out how vulnerable is our system of electrical generation to air attack and has mentioned that at least eighty per cent. of our civil engineering factories capable

of producing munitions are now dependent upon the electrical grid. London may be Britain's peace-time strength ; but it is her war-time weakness. It is a place in which it might be possible, by employing air frightfulness, to start a major panic.

The way in which Germany is developing the bombing side of her air force is a warning. Her bombing aeroplanes are capable of speeds in the region of 230 m.p.h. and new ones are coming forward capable of speeds approaching 300 m.p.h. with a full load of bombs and a radius of action of 800 miles or more according to the bomb load. The German air force is without question an air force based upon the doctrine of central shock. The British air force still reserves a good deal of attention for single-seater fighting aeroplanes which, owing to their short range and low carrying capacity, could not be used for effective bombing. They are intended for the interception of bombing aeroplanes. But could they intercept them ? It is a question as old as military aviation.

During recent Royal Air Force exercises we have had the spectacle of bombing aeroplanes, of obsolescent design and exceedingly low speed, penetrating the defences, dropping their " bombs " and getting back again without being intercepted. In a peace-time exercise the area of operations is limited and the heights used by both sides are restricted. Modern bombing aeroplanes in war would not be so kind to the defence organisation. They might come over at 25,000 ft. or more. They might come over at 50 ft. They would certainly waste no time about approaching their objectives. They would regard clouds and fog not as a hindrance, but as a help.

What can the best defence organisation hope to do ? Unless the fighter strength is such that it outnumbers the bombers as about two to one and unless the ground organisation is such that information of the approach of the raiders can reach the operations rooms well before

the raiders have reached the coast, there is little chance of any sort of effective interception. It would take a modern bomber about fifteen minutes between the time it reached the coast and the time it was dropping its bombs on London. In that fifteen minutes the interceptor has to find it and attack it. The chances are heavily on the side of the bomber. And that even when the sky is clear and no special devices are used to trick the defences.

But I have mentioned that the raiders might come over at 50 ft. This " hedge-hopping " raid is one of the most difficult forms to counter. Anti-aircraft guns simply cannot operate against machines flying very close to the ground. Observation posts are much hampered in spotting the raiders and are unable to give any precise indication of their course. Fighter pilots have extreme difficulty in seeing the raiders against the ground and, if they see them, they are only able to engage them from above. It seems almost certain that a hedge-hopping raid would stand a good chance of reaching its objective.

Low-flying attacks with machine guns upon entrenched troops were always noted for their powerful moral effect. Low-flying and dive-bombing attacks upon manufacturing works, electrical generating stations and ports would be materially effective. But they would also exercise an extremely marked moral effect wherever there were many people gathered together. Balloon aprons have been mentioned as a means of defending against medium and low bombing attacks. But the scope of this form of defence is severely limited. If it reaches down to the ground, it cannot reach up very high ; and if it reaches up high it cannot reach down to the ground. Moreover, there is no means of preventing the balloons from being shot down by raiding machines in order to clear a way.

A bombing attack launched by a squadron which had approached under cover of clouds would be as novel as a low-flying attack so far as big cities are concerned.

And novelty enhances frightfulness. For the panic potentialities of London I need do no more than to refer my readers to Mr. H. A. Jones's official history of the war in the air. I hasten to add that I am not suggesting that London is a city of cowards. But it is a city, as other cities are, where the pressure of people can be felt.

I insist upon this frightful aspect of aerial attack because it should form the starting point of our defence measures and because its importance does not yet seem to have been realised by the authorities or by the public. There has been a way of regarding aerial bombardment as a thing giving an almost pleasurable " thrill " of fear; a thing to make films and plays and stories about. What I want to point out is that the " thrill " would be anything but pleasurable; that air frightfulness of the form now being prepared for the world will be exceedingly unpleasant; will be of a horror and brutality of which any attempt to depict truly in film or play or to describe truly in book or pamphlet would be censored.

And what can be one to guard against air frightfulness? The only thing that can be done is to spread knowledge; knowledge about the powers and limitations of modern bombing; the methods of taking cover from it; and about the precautions to take if gas bombs are dropped. This fact has not been realised by the authorities as yet. They have not even published the results of the bombing exercises with the Centurion, although certain journalists have mentioned them. They refuse to issue any information whatever about the penetrative and other powers of modern bombs. They say nothing as to the accuracy secured with modern bomb sights. They refuse to allow any mention of the means that have been devised for striving to intercept bombers. In short, they behave as if the more the public knows about modern bombs and modern bombing methods, the more dangerous it would be if they were attacked. In fact, as I believe, the converse is true.

The pamphlets that have been or are to be issued by

the Home Office and other authorities upon defensive measures are valueless unless they are accompanied by the fullest and clearest information. Dive-bombing, with which I was personally experimenting in 1918, was regarded by the Air Ministry as a matter about which nothing should be said in public until a short time ago. Had there been a war in the meantime and had dive-bombing been adopted on a large scale by our opponents, it would have had an enormous moral effect largely because it would have been novel and would therefore have appeared the more terrifying.

The passion for secrecy evinced by government departments in aviation matters is a menace to the nation's security. Instead of trying to keep to themselves all information about modern bombing methods and modern bombs, the Air Ministry should issue broadcast, in much the same manner as the Highway Code was issued, a full statement of the facts. The idea that, by being secretive, they are keeping valuable information from a possible enemy, is ridiculous. The Official Secrets Act has been strained entirely out of its original intentions and has become a means whereby government departments may use the press as organs of propaganda and may at the same time silence criticism.

Air frightfulness might almost be called a new weapon of war. It will be used to the fullest possible extent in any future war. And at present there is no absolute protection against it. But knowledge is a palliative. Widespread knowledge about aerial bombing ; about the powers and limitations of gas and high explosive bombs ; about the range and speeds of bombing aeroplanes ; about protective measures against high explosive bombing and gas bombing ; this might have little effect upon the material damage ; but it would reduce the frightfulness. Armed with knowledge, a civil population, however undisciplined, is in a much better position to withstand psychological shocks.

The Padded Cell

From the Diary of Tom O'Bedlam

I WAS thinking about Hitler's Rhineland stroke, and all its possible repercussions when the telephone rang. It was Biff.

"What's a symbol, Bedlam?"

"A symbol?"

"Isn't it a thing that tinkles, eh? Didn't Paul knock it in Colossians? Say it didn't amount to a row of beans?"

"That's cymbal with a C."

"Well, what's this business of Hitler's? D'you spell it with a C or an S?"

"Oh, *that* is a *symbol*—s-y-m-b-o-l."

"Doesn't tinkle, eh?"

"Hardly!"

"What does it do, then? Make it easy, Bedlam!"

"Well, a symbol represents something without actually being what it represents. Is that clear?"

"No."

"Hold on a moment, and I'll see if the dictionary will help us."

"I'm waiting."

"Ah, here we are. 'Symbol—thing regarded by general consent as naturally typifying or representing or recalling something by possession of analogous qualities or by association in fact or thought . . .'"

"Hell!"

"One moment. I'll try another dictionary."

"I'm waiting."

"Ah, here we are. 'Symbol—the sign or representation of something moral or intellectual by the images or properties of . . .'"

A clang told me that Biff's patience had given out. Returning to my armchair, I was occupied in trying to formulate a clear definition of symbol when my man announced Baron Batt.

" I am frightened, Bedlam " said the Baron , " . . . . frightened." His somewhat prominent eyes were indeed filled with concern. Taking him by the elbow, I led him to an armchair and poured out a whisky.

Baron Batt's Solution—Gentlemen's Agreements

" Since the war, Bedlam " said the Baron " there have been over a hundred pacts, treaties and covenants between the powers of Europe. People talk about the Treaty of Locarno. There are *seven* treaties of Locarno ! What's the reason of it all ? I'll put it in a nutshell. The politicians know perfectly well that you can sign along the dotted line till you're blue in the face, but if the contract can't be enforced it has no binding power. Commonsense, eh ? But they've got a sort of feeling that ten useless contracts are better than one useless contract, and so they keep on piling 'em up. What's the way out ? "

" I confess . . . "

" Gentlemen's agreements, Bedlam. Gentlemen's agreements."

" But . . . "

" I know what you're going to say. Gentlemen's agreements aren't binding. Precisely. And that's why I want to see them in international affairs. What is a gentleman's agreement ? I'll give you one or two examples. There's a firm selling a certain line of goods. Another firm starts in and begins to undersell Firm " A." Who benefits ? The public. That's silly. The two firms get together and fix prices—informally. Why don't they call in the lawyers ? Because the situation may alter at any moment. Firm " A " may show signs of weakness, and a bold policy of underselling on the part of Firm " B " may do the trick and put Firm " A " out of business for keeps. That's the beauty of a gentleman's agreement. It's just a provisional arrangement to be kept as long as it's to the benefit of both parties. Suppose two fellows start in together, and neither knows

the value of the other. D'you think they're going to have a hard-and-fast contract. Not on your life. Just a gentleman's agreement, which the better man of the two can waive as soon as he's in a position to dictate terms. See ? "

" Y—yes."

" Contracts between nations aren't enforceable except by war. That's the root of the matter. And all this legal ballyhoo just leads to bad blood, and a lot of hot air about brutal violations of sacrosanct covenants, and the rest of it. Half a dozen gentlemen's agreements, fixed up over the 'phone, to be forgotten as and when a change of circumstances . . . "

At this point the door opened, and my man announced Gaston Bagge, Mr. Biff and Jack Leslie. I was delighted to see the first two, but I confess I could have dispensed with Leslie, who was hardly likely to contribute anything of value to a political discussion, and whose temper, I noticed with regret, was being warped by his decline as a force in the literary world. However, I greeted him as cordially as the other two.

" Bagge's been telling me about symbols " said Biff. " What it boils down to, as far as I can make out, is that if you find a chap handing your wife a diamond tiara, it's a symbol of a bond of sympathy between them. Whereas, if you . . . "

" I was just telling my friend Biff " Bagge, in his resonant voice, broke in " that if we can add to the Italo-British joint guarantee of Franco-German peace a Franco-German joint guarantee of Italo-British peace, then—but not till then—will the noxious exhalations which obscure the sun of European amity dissolve into thin air."

" . . . it's a hard fact " concluded Biff, whose voice had been drowned by Bagge's.

The sight of these three remarkable men, Biff, Batt and Bagge, ranged round my fire exhilarated me, and I was emboldened to suggest that here was an opportunity

for them to formulate a joint foreign policy which their united efforts might impose upon the government through the pressure of public opinion.

"I'll save them the trouble," interjected Leslie, who had already helped himself freely to my whisky. "Tell Hitler to take Abyssinia, and tell Mussolini to take Austria, and leave them to argue it out between them."

Bagge eased the situation by treating Leslie's interruption with good-humoured raillery. "A Daniel come to judgment, indeed!" he laughed. "Since when, Leslie, have you abandoned the Muse of invention for the troubled arena of contemporary affairs?"

"It's no laughing matter, a suggestion of that kind" said Biff. "I'm surprised at you, Leslie, Your suggestion is an immoral one. Abyssinia's not ours, and Austria's not ours. If they were, we wouldn't give 'em away, and as they aren't, we can't. You stick to your writing. That's my advice to you."

"All writers are immoral" said Baron Batt. "It's part of their charm." He sighed.

Jack Leslie, replenishing his glass, moved over and seated himself by the Baron. I could not hear what he was saying, for he had lowered his voice, but from the Baron's expression I judged that he was not making much headway.

"It doesn't interest me, my boy. You stick to your writing" said the Baron. "That's your line."

"Lyons or Tygers?"

"There's millions in it" wailed Leslie. "Millions!" Biff, I'll give you the idea, as Batt can't see it. A chain of tea-shops all over the British Isles. Called Tygers—with a 'y.' It'll advertise itself. Lyons or Tygers—can't you hear them all asking their girls which they fancy—Lyons or Tygers? "What about it, Mary? Which is it to be—Lyons or Tygers?" He growls, she titters. Wants to know if he fancies he's a lion or

a tiger. I tell you, Biff, that, on a conservative estimate, there'd be ten million jokes cracked per diem on this pattern for the first six months from the opening of the first Tyger tea-shop. It's a gift, a gift ! And I'm throwing it at you."

"That's a fine business, Lyons. Well-run" said Biff thoughtfully, looking into the fire. "There's brains there. Brains. Yes, a fine business."

"We must hope for the best" said Bagge, rising. "I think Hitler's sound at bottom. Well, Bedlam, it's been a pleasant chat."

Leslie remained after the others had gone. He was moody. Several times he opened his mouth as if to say something, but at last he left, with a curt "Goodnight."

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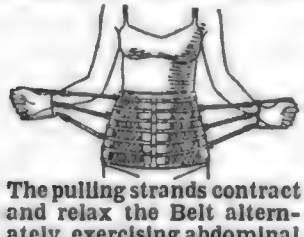

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Literary Notes

By Criticus

A CURSORY study of recent publications suggests that the popular newspapers may be right after all—right, that is, in the purely commercial sense of responding to, rather than creating, the public need. For the staple product of the popular newspapers is personalities, whether in a murder trial or in the corridors of the League Council. And to judge from their spring lists the staple product of the publishers (who can presumably afford more time for long-term consideration of their particular commerce) is the same biographies, autobiographies, biographical histories form the major part of most publishers' lists. Nor are these essentially personal books all of the more respectable kind which the popular newspapers are popularly supposed to like least. There are biographies of Gibbon, by General Smuts, and of the Holy Roman Emperor, Frederick II.; but there are also biographies of that engaging freebooter, "Siamese White," of a Wild Western rascal known as Soapy Smith, and of Robert Burns, that oddly unpuritanical idol of the most temperamentally puritanical race the modern world has known.

General Smuts

MRS. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN'S *General Smuts* (Faber, 18*s*.) is only the first instalment of a biography. The subject is great, the treatment not always equally great. Smuts is a queer mixture. Though not an aristocrat by birth, he seems an aristocrat by temperament. Which is to say that although he can and does feel an intellectual sympathy with all men of equal intellect, he does not—or does not seem to—feel any necessary emotional sympathy with them. Sometimes, as in the case of Indians and negroes, his outlook seems to be definitely feudal. So much Mrs. Millin sees. But what she does not see, or at any rate does not make

her readers see, is the far-sighted vision of the future of South African humanity as a whole on which Smuts's apathy towards some branches of that humanity is but a speck. It is strange that she should not see it because she sees it clearly enough in Milner, to whom she does rather less than justice. This criticism, however, must in justice be combined with appreciation of the immensely painstaking work Mrs. Millin has put into her biography. General Smuts himself has revised it "as to its facts, but not its opinions"; and by reporting so many of his own words Mrs. Millin has made an excellent record of one of the most interesting figures of our time.

Zestful Englishman

ZEST is a quality which Englishmen tend to discover in themselves when abroad rather than when at home; the late R. B. Cunninghame Graham is an example who leaps immediately to the mind. But there are exceptions to this rule, and notable among them Mr. T. H. White. Mr. White recently published a collection of admirable short stories under the title *Gone to Ground*. After an interval sufficiently long to ensure that what he writes has been written with care he has followed his short stories with *England have my Bones* (Collins, 8*s*. 6*d*.), which is a diary of the English year in the same zestful vein. Mr. White can do almost anything for which he has a mind—hunt, shoot, fish, fly, write, milk a cow, foal a mare,—but does nothing except for his own amusement. "Even if I learn to plough with horses, as I shall," he says, "I shall be ploughing for amusement." That is a situation the good fortune of which will be envied by many of Mr. White's fellow-countrymen and by most of the townsmen whom he refuses to consider his fellows. But the slightly snobbish attitude it induces in him does not lessen the value of his half self-conscious picture of the England of a huntin', shootin', and fishin' man.

Wassmuss

A NEW aspect of the Great War—new, at any rate, to all but those intimately concerned in it—is unfolded in Mr. Christopher Sykes's *Wassmuss* (Longmans, 10*s.* 6*d.*). Soon after the outbreak of war Wassmuss was sent by the German Government to be its agent in Persia, a country with which he already had some acquaintance. His job in Persia was to raise a revolt against Britain, or, failing that, to embarrass the Allied cause in any way possible. He seems to have succeeded in the latter task, and to have kept in Persia large British forces which could ill be spared from work elsewhere. Mr. Sykes calls him " the German Lawrence " and, in fact, the story of his wartime career is as exciting as that of any English soldier in Arabia. What followed after the War was tragic. Wassmuss liked the Persians whom duty compelled him to deceive, and when he went back to the German Foreign Office, he did his best to secure for them the rewards he had promised. Eventually the German Government gave him £5,000 and with this he founded a model farm near Bushire. That was a wise action, as we should think ; his former friends in Persia thought otherwise. They turned against him, spoiled his venture, and caused him finally to return heartbroken to Germany.

Lake Tana

THERE is a remoteness about Ethiopia since Herr Hitler marched his troops into the Rhineland. But since the essential problem of reconciling British, French, Italian and Ethiopian interests in Ethiopia will remain even if there is war in Europe, I commend to all concerned the study of Major R. E. Cheesman's *Lake Tana and the Blue Nile* (Macmillan, 18*s.*). Major Cheesman is the first European who has thoroughly explored Lake Tana and its environs. His conclusion from his explorations—that Italy's advance into Ethiopia represents

no threat to British influence, since the waters of the Nile do not depend on Lake Tana—is sufficient reply to charges that British interest in the Ethiopian conflict was purely self-interest.

But in that case what in heaven's name was the British motive?

Books Received

(*Inclusion in this list neither guarantees nor precludes subsequent review*)

THE TWILIGHT OF TREATIES. By Y. M. GOGLET. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

NIGERIA. By W. R. CROCKER. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

ENGLAND AND THE NEAR EAST: I. THE CRIMEA. By HAROLD TEMPERLEY. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

PAPUAN EPIC. By KEITH BUSHELL. 12*s.* 6*d.*

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE MODERN WORLD. *Harpers*, New York. $2·50.

MODERN CHINESE POETRY. Translated by HAROLD ACTON and CHEN SHIH-HSIANG. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE. By LIN YU-TANG. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

ABINGER HARVEST. By E. M. FORSTER. *Arnold.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE CROATIAN SHIRT. By T. S. MARLE. *Barker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A DAUGHTER OF THE NOHFU. By MME. SUGIMOTO. *Hurst & Blackett.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE FUTURE OF COLONIES. By LEONARD BARNES. *Hogarth Press.* 1*s*

THE HOME MARKET. By MAJOR G. HARRISON and F. C. MITCHELL. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE COMPLETE JOURNALIST. By F. J. MANSFIELD. *Pitman.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

WORDS FOR TONIGHT. By GEORGE BUCHANAN. *Constable.* 5*s.*

X PLUS Y. By E. F. BOGMAN. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA. By COUNT CORTI. *Thornton Butterworth.* 18*s.*

THE RETREAT. By FORREST REID. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

ROBERT BURNS. By HANS HECHT. *Hodge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE MONKS OF ATHOS. By R. M. DAWKINS. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

TOTEM. By HAROLD STOVIN. *Methuen.* 5*s.*

Revolution in Physics

THE REVOLUTION IN PHYSICS. By ERNST ZIMMER. With an Introduction by MAX PLANCK. Translated, and with a preface, by H. STAFFORD HATFIELD. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

CAN the universe be described in scientific terms without contradiction? Can it, indeed, be described without contradiction in human language? Do its deepest realities and its ultimate nature escape the coarse mesh of human thought and require feeling, intuition, mystical perception for their understanding?

These questions have always been in the background of scientific inquiry, but for good reasons have generally been kept there. The blighting influence of scientific mysticism compared with the all-conquering march of mathematical physics has left most students in no doubt that through their differential equations and their models of the universe they were getting nearer to the heart of reality. Yet the questions remain. For no system of the universe has yet been devised which is logically water-tight; somewhere contradiction can be found lurking. In the earliest days of European science the philosopher Zeno propounded four arguments—"Achilles and the Tortoise" is the best known—which have never been satisfactorily answered and between them show that the measurement of space and time necessarily involves contradiction. At the second dawn of science in Europe, Newton introduced the concept of a space and a time each absolute and infinite. Yet on examination it appears that space can be conceived neither as absolute nor as relative, neither as finite nor as infinite. Men of science are nearly all pragmatists at heart, and such thoughts are dodged when all is going well in the scientific world. But today they have once more become insistent. The chief impression left by Dr. Zimmer's book, which Dr. Stafford Hatfield has so ably translated, thereby adding to the debt which English students already owe him, is a fundamental contradiction in the scientific concepts used today.

Both the theory of matter and the theory of light require for their explanation waves and particles. Now it is impossible that the electron should at one and the same time be a particle and a group of waves. Equally, it is impossible that light should at one and the same time consist of waves and of corpuscles ("packets," if you will). Yet both waves and particles are required in current theory; and this is no small affair, for if light and matter are abstracted from physics there is very little left.

Though no direct contradiction is here involved, analogous problems are raised by Heisenberg's "Principle of Uncertainty," which asserts that it is impossible to determine accurately the

position and the velocity of a particle; the greater the accuracy of one, the less will be that of the other. Though no contradiction is involved, this does suggest that measurement raises just such fundamental problems as Zeno foresaw.

So far as the fundamentals are concerned, we are little better than our distant forefathers. But what a superstructure has been raised by generations of physicists, so elegant in its proportions and daring in its concepts! Dr. Zimmer's work must raise feelings of awe at the theoretical and experimental triumphs of modern science. Progress has been specially swift in the present century. Just before it opened, Professor Planck, who writes a brief word of introduction to Dr. Zimmer, enunciated his revolutionary concept that energy is emitted or absorbed not continuously but by quanta. Planck's constant has since been found to enter into phenomena too numerous to mention, and it has proved the key which unlocks many sealed doors. The greatest triumph of all has perhaps been in the field of spectroscopy at the hands of Sommerfeld. But who shall choose, in point of brilliance of achievement, between Bohr's atomic models, the wave-mechanics of de Broglie and Schr dinger, the quantum mechanics of Heisenberg, Dirac's relativistic wave theory, or on the experimental side, Rutherford's work on radioactivity, Chadwick's discovery of the neutron, Anderson's isolation of the positive electron, the Joliots' inducement of artificial radioactivity or Fermi's creation of an element hitherto unknown on earth?

All these things are told by Dr. Zimmer in a manner which can be appreciated by the layman, and should not be beneath the notice of the specialist. This is one of the most lucid and complete summaries of modern physical achievement which has appeared in recent years. Not least valuable is the final chapter on the relations of science to philosophy, where the present position of positivism is critically assessed.

IVOR THOMAS.

Gallipoli by John North

'A great and terrible book . . . passes into a category wherein we treasure the tributes that some few are privileged to lay at the feet of heroes.'—*Evening Standard.* 'Alike in the scrupulousness of its method and the power of its writing—a remarkable achievement bearing the stamp of reality on every page.'—*Times Literary Supplement.* 'The book has an epic quality.'—*Daily Mail.* 'Written with conviction and burning interest.'—*Observer.*

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31 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

Some New Novels

THE MYSTERY OF NELSON'S COAT. By E. W. Keate. Eldon 7*s.* 6*d.*
SWEET RACKET. By John Gloag Cassell 7*s.* 6*d.*
FAST ONE. By Paul Cain. Constable 7*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Keate is an Englishwoman, Mr. Gloag (if internal evidence is reliable) an Englishman domiciled in America, and Mr. Winter an American. In the type of fiction to which these three novels belong that means a translation from the slow to the quick and from the quick to the incredibly swift.

Miss Keate tells of a bet made by naval cadets at Greenwich that one of them would steal Nelson's coat from its case in the Naval College. When one of the betters is found dead in front of the empty case, the others, an admiral's niece, an antique firm in the United States, and another antique firm in London become involved. Miss Keate solves the mystery skilfully, satisfactorily and without haste. She has an eye for historical and topographical detail and an obviously thorough acquaintance with naval history.

Sweet Racket is a " thriller," as its jacket suggests, " and then some " (as Americans are supposed to say, but in fact no longer do.) It is about an English interior decorator in New York, the manager who exploits his personality for the benefit of them both, and the business men, gangsters, and gold-diggers they meet on their golden way. For contrast there are scenes of country life in England, and, to enliven it all, many good American jokes (so different from the English kind). Mr. Gloag would, I think, be the last to claim any serious purpose. But he has succeeded in presenting the contrast of English and American temperament more vividly than I have seen it presented in any recent novel.

If *Sweet Racket* is slick, *Fast One* is the slickest and fastest thing I have ever read. It beggars definition. But for description it might be said that it is the counterpart in literature of *City Streets* in the films. I can give no higher praise.

ANN ZEISS.

Ireland

IRELAND. BY J. CHARTRES MOLONY. *Arrowsmith.* 5*s.*

ONE fact emerges clearly from Mr. Molony's book—that the Irish problem with all its embarrassing implications is the direct outcome of consistently bad government and the lack of any constructive policy on the part of England. Indeed, there can be few more lamentable examples of the failure of want of Statesmanship !

This conclusion is forced upon us even if we ignore the fundamental issue of the right and justice of the case. A mere outline of the historical relations of the two countries is sufficient to show that, until recently, no motive other than that of barefaced exploi-

tation animated a régime whose methods were as blind and haphazard as they were cruel. The Irish people—the vast majority of the population—were not only systematically disregarded as a political force and almost deprived of the means of subsistence for the benefit of " colonists " or favourites and other " deserving " persons at home, but their cultural aspirations were deliberately thwarted and their cultural heritage destroyed.

Mr. Molony's book, in fact, gives too little consideration to the latter aspect of the question. Nor does it provide an altogether satisfactory account of earlier Irish history. Mr. Molony is fair enough in his way—we are told that he is a retired Indian civil servant!—but he can still produce the " stage Irishman " on suitable occasions. Nor, again, is his review of the last twenty years of Irish history at all sympathetic.

His book is not therefore strong enough medicine for those prepared to stand it. Nor does the book on the whole serve to promote a better or more profound understanding of the Irish problem or needs than that already current. But the outline of the relations it gives between the two countries is sufficient incitement to ponder on the cupidity and stupidity of the human species. Unpleasant as it may be, we are left to face the fact that Ireland was abandoned for centuries to a colonial exploitation of the worst kind ruthlessly applied to the moral, physical and cultural detriment of a racial majority.

That this took place not in some remote part of the globe, where distance might lend enchantment to the view, but, so to speak, next door and within the cultured precincts of Europe remains at once a cause of perpetual embarrassment and further misunderstanding.

GEORGE REAVEY.

A Japanese Village

A DAUGHTER OF THE NOHFU. By Mme. Sugimoto. Hurst & Blackett 12*s.* 6*d.*

A wholesale assassination of Cabinet Ministers in Japan last month drew attention again to the military and terroristic side of the Japanese medal. Mme. Sugimoto shows the other side. Her story is of life in a Japanese village, of everyday life, of old customs and of the inroads of modern invention into these customs. There is a father, old-fashioned and resenting clocks, electricity and fertilisers; a mother whose horizon is bounded by a home she never has any desire to leave; a son and daughter who take a keen and almost communistic interest in the new village associations. And over all there is a serenity that neither clocks nor communism can disturb. As a novel *A Daughter of the Nohfu* is too slow to suit modern Western taste. As a picture of a society it is superb.

EDWARD HALE.

Correspondence

Ethiopians of Old

SIR—There is a chapter in Herodotus dealing with the conflict between the Ethiopians and the Persian Empire in the Sixth-Century B.C., which might be of some interest to your readers. May I quote the most characteristic passages of this work, which show great analogy with the present political events and confirms once more the old saying that history repeats itself :—

Cambyses, King of Persia, planned an expedition against the " long-lived " Ethiopians, who dwell on the Lybian coast of the Southern Sea. First he would send spies under the pretext of taking gifts to the Ethiopian king.

These Ethiopians are said to be the tallest and finest men in the world . . . For their king they choose the tallest citizen, whose strength must be proportioned to his stature.

The Ethiopian king, guessing that the messengers were only spies said to them : " Nor is your king a righteous man ; for were he such, he would not have coveted any other country than his own, nor would he now try to enslave men who have done him no wrong. Now give him this bow and message :

" The King of the Ethiopians advises the King of the Persians, when the Persians can draw a bow of this size without difficulty and as easily as I do, then to bring overwhelming forces to attack the long-lived Ethiopians, but till then to thank the gods, who put it not in the minds of the sons of Ethiopians to win more territory than they possess . . . . "

From sheer humanity may we pray that the analogy should end here, as Herodotus gives us most appalling descriptions of the dreadful misfortunes that befell the Persian expeditionary forces, which we must hope will be spared to the Italian armies.

Your obedient Servant,
G. G. M. SEGUEL, M.D.
COLONEL (RETD.)

London, W.2.
March 5, 1936.

" Obscene " Literature

SIR—The signatories to this letter were witnesses in a case which recently resulted in the suppression of a book which was judged to be indecent ; but to open here the difficult question as to what constitutes pornography would be an unwarrantable intrusion into your columns. It is our object, therefore, to refer only to one or two of the more immediate aspects of this case,

and particularly to the manner in which the machinery of suppression works.

Producers of plays and films both have their censors, who decide specifically on each scene and word in each and every production. The publisher has no such guide. His is the entire responsibility; and if he makes the slightest error of judgment he is liable to prosecution and severe penalties. To the blunt citizen this may not at first sight seem any hardship. Let the publisher keep on the safe side, he may say. But reflection will show that what is objectional is so much a matter of individual opinion, that some individuals consider all stage representations are immoral and all works of fiction undesirable, whilst others think there should be no censorship at all—and both these points of view are reasonable and classic.

Thus, under existing conditions, any published book may at any moment form the basis of a prosecution for obscenity. And as there is almost no reliable guide as to what this means in Law, the decision is open to all the vagaries of individual moral opinion. The publisher is forthwith delivered into the hands of a prosecuting body which takes the form of a severe retrospective censorship, which makes erratic decisions and delivers erratic punishments in a manner quite unprescribed. Plainly this is anomalous. And once a heresy-hunt is on, there are hundreds of passages in hundreds of published books which, taken out of their context and produced in Court, would undoubtedly be condemned.

The book referred to above was published as the police, prosecution itself allowed, in innocence. It was of a scientific and educative nature. Preparatory to its publication the publishers had sought the advice of well-known scientists and doctors, authorities upon the subject, respected members of society. And those who advised the publication of the book appeared, together with others of similar standing, as witnesses on its behalf in Court both at the original prosecution and again at Appeal. Yet the Law decided against a representative body of opinion; and it is perhaps interesting to observe how easily this may happen without placing either party exactly in the wrong.

The final outcome of this particular case was not only the suppression of the book, but the infliction of a fine on the publishing company for issuing " an obscene libel," and the binding-over for twelve months of one of the directors of the publishing company. Is not this, we ask, an undesirable way to deal with such a matter ? We believe that it is of vital importance that publishers should be given some reliable guide, or at least, where they are judged to have

erred in publishing, honestly and openly, a carefully considered and serious work, their treatment should be clearly distinguished from that, under Common Criminal Law, of underhand purveyors of noxious and obvious pornography.

Liberty of action within reasonable limits is a principle to which most people of this nation subscribe; and where this is not entirely feasible a form of discipline is understood and respected. But beneficial discipline must be defined. The erratic infliction of severe penalties on matters which are genuinely open to doubt is not equitable, and it must tend to hinder rather than aid good publishing.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT BRIFFAULT, M.C., M.B., CH.B.
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AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS.

Mr. Grigson and Miss Sitwell

SIR—Mr. Geoffrey Grigson—the most eminent authority on certain aspects of modern verse and one of its most amiable practitioners—is evidently less familiar with historical biography than with metres and rhymes. He has floundered hopelessly out of his depth in his review of Miss Sitwell's book on Queen Victoria. As he has been kind enough to drag my name into his squabble with Miss Sitwell, you will perhaps allow me in return to try to extricate him from his difficulties.

His whole review is taken up with an attempt to prove that Miss Sitwell has been guilty of plagiarising from Lytton Strachey and other writers, including myself. I should therefore like to make it quite clear that such parts of my book *Royal Dukes* as Miss Sitwell used were used with the permission of my publishers and myself. In addition Miss Sitwell has made most generous acknowledgments to me in her preface and in footnotes. What Mr. Grigson has failed to realise—a natural failing for one of his bright, original genius—is that modern biography is principally

composed of plagiarism from previous writers. He makes great play with the supposed similarity between Strachey's account of Queen Victoria's christening and Miss Sitwell's account. If Mr. Grigson were better acquainted with early nineteenth century memoirs he would know that the whole story is taken from Greville and other diarists, and that it would be just as sensible to accuse Strachey of plagiarism as Miss Sitwell.

In conclusion, I may perhaps be allowed one more general observation. Mr. Grigson no doubt thought his discovery both brilliant and novel, but it seems so to have startled him that he could find no space for more original condemnation nor for some echo of the praise with which Miss Sitwell's book has been generally received.

I am, etc.,
ROGER FULFORD.

26, Half Moon Street,
W.1.

Empire Migration

SIR—The Great War has been responsible for many tragedies; the arrested development of our Empire is not the least of these.

This Empire is our heritage, but we shall inevitably lose it, and fine traditions with their roots in these Islands will disappear, unless we have the wisdom and the guts to people it with our own folk.

This Group has first-hand experience of great value, and should be able to make a substantial contribution towards the solution of a problem of paramount importance. I commend the activities of the Group to the notice of the public in the confident hope that generous support will be forthcoming.

Yours very truly,
MIDDLETON.

Birdsall House,
Malton,
Yorkshire.
March 11, 1936.

Rudyard Kipling

SIR—Lord Charnwood says that I quote from *A Charm* in order to prove Kipling's caste feeling. The lines I quoted illustrate Kipling's love of the English country, and show him at his best, as I say immediately after quoting them.

Lord Charnwood speaks of my "trick" in assuming that Dick Heldar in *The Light that Failed* is a mouthpiece of Kipling's own philosophy of art and life. As, forty years after *The Light that Failed*, Kipling repeated Dick Heldar's philosophy through the mouth of Shakespeare in *Proofs of Holy Writ*, I think it more reasonable to assume that this philosophy is Kipling's than that Kipling wished to indicate that Dick Heldar and Shakespeare were both rather immature intellectually.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

Hastings,
March 4, 1936.

SIR—In his article on Rudyard Kipling in your February issue, Mr. Kingsmill uses Kipling's work merely as a window through which he thinks he sees an almost wholly morbid psychology, and this chiefly by the method of selecting those personalities in Kipling's fiction which exhibit morbid qualities, and by ignoring all those which exhibit qualities which are the very reverse of morbid.

I have made a list of the psychological qualities of Kipling, as enumerated by your writer, and when one considers the millions of children (to speak only of one section of his work) and those not only of our own race, who have held him in imagination as one of their most delightful companions, one can only wonder whether the "something warped" in nature, and the "narrow limits of his achievement" attributed by Mr. Kingsmill to Kipling, belong really to the would-be critic or to the author criticized.

Mr. Kingsmill, in fact, throughout this article, is merely idly bestriding the hobby-horse of psycho-analysis, instead of making any real mental effort towards a proper intellectual, literary and artistic estimation of the output of a writer of such vast range, variety and power as Kipling.

Yours faithfully,
G. M. LEESON.

Forum Club,
London, S.W.1.
March 3, 1936.

A Generation Ago

The New Christianity

ALREADY a new formula for patriotism is required—its old geographical sense has gone. From an ethnic mass of ignorant, servile peoples—French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, etc.—illiterate, rooted to the soil, saturated in feudal and anachronistic religious superstitions, serfs because they could not read or think or do, hating one another with the savagery of chained dogs, Europe is rapidly evolving into a continent of nations who, if they talk different tongues, are beginning to realise that they have common interests and a common humanity. But for its Anglo-American patronage, Montmartre, the home of Verlaine, would have to close down its festivities. It is with the "bob-sleigh," not with Tell and his patriotic apple, that one associates Switzerland. Go to Seville at Eastertide, and one might as well be at the St. Louis Exhibition. And Venice with its motor-boats and German "pensions"—what would the Doges or Byron have said to that? You can almost travel through Italy now without being robbed. You can walk about Paris in alpine boots, and the *Apache* will think you rather a fine fellow. In every self-respecting city in Europe today there is a bar—the criterion of a *welt-stadt*; there is a football; there is a cinema.

Even Prussia, Fritz's pipeclay Prussia, has succumbed. If you are anything at all in Berlin now, you dine in a "smoking." Ladies now go to restaurants, where from time immemorial nobody "dressed" in low-cut gowns. It is no longer "good form" for men in a German café to sneer if they see an Englishman walk in. But most decisive of all, there is no longer any secrecy. If an Emperor sneezes three times in succession the whole world hears of it within a few hours. The Press, the electric theatre, socialism, cheap books, education—the mob has now a mind as greedy as its stomach. The difficulty of inducing men to sign on as sergeants in the German army grows every year more serious. The *backfisch* no longer capitulates to every uniformed male she encounters; she reads Bebel's *Frau*, Artzchybachef, Oscar Wilde; she is the most advanced maiden of the age. And with the cataclysm of Catholicism in Spain and Portugal the same phenomena are visible. All over Europe the unit, man, is emerging like a chrysalis from his feudal shell, quick, as it were, with wings. Rapidly, unalterably, now the old cerements of mediaeval and sacerdotal usage are crumbling down. Where the genius of Napoleon failed, the common humanity of the gramophone and of the electric theater have conquered. Almost one might say there is a new Christianity—the Christianity of a social brotherhood.

(*From* THE ENGLISH REVIEW *of April* 1911)

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ON THE MARGIN

By Commentator

TALK of colonies and their future is more than ever in the air. They are given some attention in an indirect way in this number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW by Rawdon Malet, who describes the life and work of a perfect specimen of the native inhabitants of East Africa in *Musia*. Rawdon Malet is a pen-name hiding the identity of a man who knows East Africa well from personal experience.

* * *

Musia belongs to a type of literature of which I myself am a great amateur. It is not exactly short story, nor sketch, nor yet article, but something of all three; and to my mind it still proves, more than short story, article or sketch, the best method of introduction to an unfamiliar land. In *In the Piazza*, also published in this issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, Mark Henniker applies a method similar to that of Rowdon Malet to the illustration of a country familiar certainly, but equally certainly not well known.

* * *

THERE has been a lull in activity abroad during the past month. But that does not mean that our problems have become less acute. On the contrary, as is pointed out in *Current Comments*, the future of British foreign policy is an urgent question not less urgent than the future of those foreign countries with which Britain is in friendly relations. One of these countries is Spain, where an election that was expected to cause much violence has passed off in outward calm. In *No Quiet in Spain*, however, John Bell, an experienced journalist who speaks from the fullness of past as well as present knowledge, shows that the calm is outward only and that the future is none too bright.

* * *

THE Budget, notwithstanding its generally expected nature, has been filling men's minds and talk for the past week. In the fifth of his articles on *Representative Men*, Britannicus Viator introduces us to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the man behind the

(*continued on page* 515)

Mysteries of Mind and Personality

It is the Mind that Maketh Good or Ill, That Maketh Wretch or Happy, Rich or Poor. *Spencer*

Photo by Howard Coster

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IN THE MARGIN—(*continued*).

Budget. Incidentally, lest Britannicus Viator be suspected of plagiarising Mr. Winston Churchill, it should be added that his article on Neville Chamberlain was already written and printed before Mr. Churchill made his excellent speech on the Budget in the House of Commons on April 23.

* * *

SATIRE is reviving in England. During the present year there have been more satirical novels published than in any comparable period since the war. Satire is reviving too, I am glad to see, in periodical journalism. We are doing our best to encourage it, and to this end publish this month a satirical pastiche of two widely different women writers, Gertrude Stein and Anita Loos, by another woman writer, Charlotte Haldane.

* * *

NOW is the time when all wise men begin to prepare for summer. To the increasing number of them whose thoughts turn in the direction of Wimbledon we commend Sir F. Gordon Lowe's discussion of *Lawn Tennis Prospects*. As a former Davis Cup player and Covered Court Champion of the World, and as a lifelong lawn tennis journalist, his words are worthy of attention.

For lovers of another kind of sport there is in this number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW a study of *London River* by Edward Hale, which will, I hope, induce more people to make the acquaintance of that alternately lovely and unlovely landmark in metropolitan geography and history. The Londoner is notoriously indifferent to things on his doorstep, but of late he has been discovering the Thames. Edward Hale suggests that he has still much more to discover.

* * *

HUGH C. JENKINS, who contributes an article on *Japan—Enigma?* this month, is editor of a New Zealand newspaper and a recognised authority on financial questions. His singularly temperate view of the past and future of Japanese foreign and trade policy is the more remarkable when it is remembered that New Zealand is much more exposed to the risks of Japanese policy than are we in Britain.

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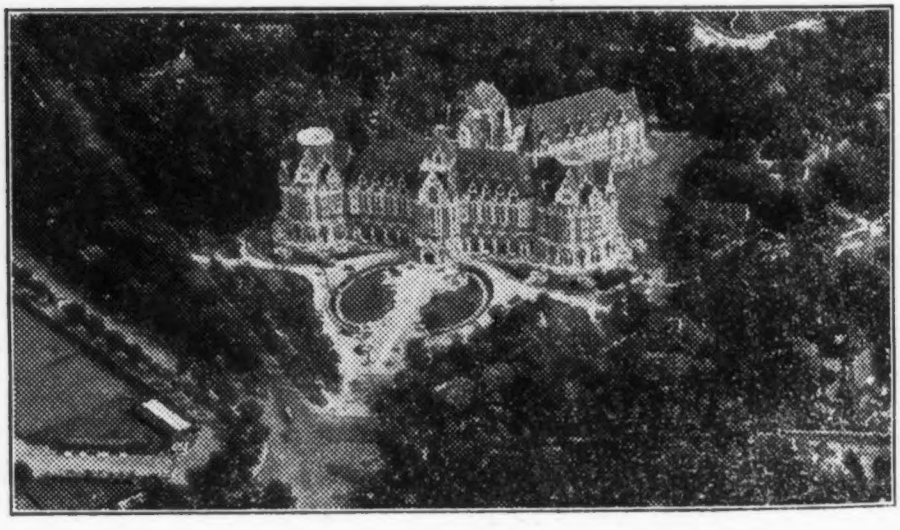

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